THE CIA'S URDER MANUAL!

NOVEMBER 19, 1984 • $1.95

Reagan's magical media mystery tour

THOMAS EDSALL • BERNARD KNOX • DAVID LANDES • NICHOLAS LEMANN

THE NEW REPUBLIC

THE LAROUCHE CONNECTION

by Dennis King & Ronald Radosh

Since 1981 the leaders of a lunatic movement have conferred repeatedly with top Administration officials. Their aims: to win respectability and to influence Reagan's Star Wars plan.

They succeeded.

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CORRESPONDENCE

LET REAGAN BE

To the editors:

I found your "Mondale For President" editorial (TNR, October 22, 1984) as unconvincing as it was predictable. Granted, you admit that President Reagan has uplifted the spirit of the nation (well, of most people, at least), has turned around our national defense, and reduced the risk of confrontation with the Soviet Union. However, at the same time you fault Mr. Reagan for not advocating a high enough level of transfer payments to the poor, you chide him for increasing the level of our national income devoted to government. Should Mr. Reagan be pilloried at one point for spending too much and, at another, for spending too little?

The rhetoric of fairness and decency (apparently Mr. Mondale's themes now) in the 1960s and 1970s inevitably concluded in the politics of envy, of racial quotas, of starving national defense at the expense of social spending, and of national malaise. If, as you assert, poor families are paying more than twice as much federal income tax as they did in 1980, might you look for a cause elsewhere than Ronald Reagan, who cut taxes across the board? Let Reagan be President Reagan. It's a job he does imperfectly—but well.

STEPHEN R. MALONEY
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

EVANGELICAL REPLY

To the editors:

Sidney Blumenthal's portrait of the evangelical community is grotesque ("Righteous Empire," TNR, October 22). He is apparently unaware that evangelicals and fundamentalists are not one and the same. He ignores the wide range of theological and political opinion within the evangelical family. He overlooks the intellectual renaissance that has been underway in evangelical circles for a generation. But these failures are minor compared to his innuendos that evangelicals are anti-Catholic and anti-Semitic bigots. That is no more true than his suggestion that evangelicals "refuse to distinguish between the flag and the cross." Any evangelical knows that primary allegiance is owed to God, not to Caesar.

Mr. Blumenthal contends that religious convictions have no legitimate role to play in the public arena. His thinking would effectively disenfranchise millions of Americans. The real danger in exorcising religious values from the public arena is not to evangelical Christianity—it is to the pluralism inherent in democracy. When religious values are banished from the public scene, the American ethic—historically based upon Judeo-Christian values—is transmuted into an ethic without moral foundation.

ROBERT P. DUGAN JR.
National Association of Evangelicals
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Blumenthal replies:

Mr. Dugan has misread the article. At no point did I use the general terms "evangelical" or "fundamentalist" to describe the evangelical New Right. In every instance, I employed the terms "religious Right," "evangelical New Right," or "movement evangelicals." The reason I did so was to draw a sharp distinction between this movement and the broad evangelical community. I specifically cited Billy Graham as someone who distinguishes between "the flag and the cross," to emphasize that the evangelical New Right is not the same as evangelicals in general.

RYERSON'S WRONGS

To the editors:

André Ryerson makes some interesting criticisms of the nuclear freeze by-law passed by the Amherst town meeting ("Small-Town Freeze," TNR, October 15). Unfortunately, they are all but obscured by his diatribe against the "granola Left" and those whom he dismisses as religious crackpots. What are we to make of Mr. Ryerson's breathtaking assertion that the use of "primitive emotions (such as fear) [as] a sort of golden key to moral truth and political action . . . is central to the Quaker creed. . . ."? The claim that "the most prominent pamphlet in Grace Episcopal Church praises the Marxist guerrillas of El Salvador" is ridiculous. The parish peace fellowship maintains a bulletin board, but far more space is devoted to denominational newspapers and books about New Testament exegesis than to politics of any sort.

Mr. Ryerson does not make clear whether he objects to the involvement of church people in politics, or simply to their espousal of causes he does not like. Whatever his point, he would do well to think before he writes. Primitive emotions, it would seem, belong as much to the twinkie Right as they do to the granola Left.

JOHN RICHARD ORENS
Sunderland, Massachusetts

Mr. Ryerson replies:

My survey of Quaker enthusiasm for leftist causes and its influence on other churches in the Amherst area barely scratched the surface. It runs from branding the U.S. government "war criminals" for building the Trident submarine to hailing the Marxists of Nicaragua and El Salvador as the pious emissaries of Jesus Christ. Pastors of the Unitarian and First Congregational Churches have publicly given their support to this view of the world.

ROCK ON

To the editors:

I am tired of hearing cranky, middle-aged critics fretting about the dangers of popular music ("Washington Diarist," TNR, October 29). From Chuck Berry and The Rolling Stones to the Jacksons, Elvis Costello, and Twisted Sister, popular music has been one of the last refuges of energy, excitement, and imaginative outrageousness in a culture that has gone moribund with bland, genial Eisenhower- and Reaganitus. This music does not have the good manners of a Presidential press conference or the report of it in the *Times*, thank God. I only wish our media-controlled music and video were a lot more, and a lot more disruptively, anarchic.

RAYMOND CARNEY
Middlebury, Vermont

MARSHALLING THE FACTS

To the editors:

In his review of the Eisenhower biographies ("The Good General," TNR, October 22), John Keegan has George C. Marshall at West Point in Eisenhower's time. General Marshall did not go to West Point. He graduated from the Virginia Military Academy in Lexington.

ROBERT COCHRAN
Cabin John, Maryland

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FROM WASHINGTON

QUEASINESS ABOUT SLEAZINESS

Ten years after Watergate, the American press suddenly seems to be losing its appetite for scandal. The first-ever indictment of a sitting cabinet member, Ray Donovan, has stirred little interest. Curiosity about Ed Meese's financial peccadilloes, a matter of obsessive concern just a few months ago, has been snuffed out by the decision of an "independent counsel" not to seek an indictment. Most other papers have recoiled from following *The New York Post* and *The Wall Street Journal* into the darker recesses of Geraldine Ferraro's genealogy.

Here in Washington, our *Post* has shown an amazing reticence about pursuing charges of possible cocaine use by our mayor, Marion Barry. It's been a long time since an important grand jury has been allowed to go about its business so utterly unmolested by the *Post*, which in the good old days could keep allegations of a minor Congressman's unpaid parking tickets on the front page for a week. The Barry story crept onto the bottom of page one for a single Saturday when the Mayor (who is married) put out an official statement explaining that his regular visits to the home of a female former aide and convicted cocaine dealer were merely part of "a personal relationship," and not to buy drugs. Then it disappeared. No "news analysis," no leaks, no editorials, no follow-up.

The Ferraro case seems to have been a turning point for the press. *The Wall Street Journal* argues that this simply proves a double standard: journalists, with their left-wing bias, apply their investigative skills and their puritanical standards to conservatives, but let liberals off the hook. To correct that alleged imbalance, the *Journal* editorial page has been conducting a parody of a Woodward-and-Bernstein-style investigation of Ferraro, fearlessly exposing shady business practices by deceased relatives of her husband, and suchlike matters, and meanwhile opining unctuously that if this sours people on the whole post-Watergate morality, that is fine with *The Wall Street Journal*.

Clearly a double standard of some sort is involved in the *Post*'s handling of Mayor Barry. If he weren't black, and if the *Post* hadn't promoted him from the early days of his career, his troubles would be getting more ink. But I sense that cases like Ferraro's, and Meese's too, have genuinely given journalists pause. They are unnerved by their own ability to plunge someone overnight into a maelstrom of unwanted publicity and legal expense. The renewed vigor of libel plaintiffs like General Westmoreland and Senator Laxalt has added worries of a more practical sort as well. Even winning a libel case can be an impoverishing experience.

Aren't politicians entitled to some privacy? Aren't some matters—sexual habits, in-laws' improprieties—irrelevant to their official duties? Aren't others—a misstatement on page 6, line 17 of some form—a bit overblown? Isn't there a danger of conviction-by-newspaper, of trivializing the political discourse, of driving interesting people from public life and leaving us to be ruled by antiseptic nerds?

Oh, sure. But you can get carried away with restraint and discretion, too. Take, for example, the notion that Ed Meese has been "cleared" because an independent counsel appointed by the Attorney General decided not to indict him. President Reagan said this, adding that the "baseless charges" against Meese were "revealed as having no foundation in fact." The press seems to agree; the story has died.

Jacob Stein, the independent counsel, ordinarily makes his living as a criminal defense lawyer. The fact that a man who spends most of his days dreaming up reasons why people aren't guilty saw nothing in the Meese case worth an indictment doesn't mean the charges were "baseless." As Stein emphasizes in his report, a decision to indict depends on other factors besides whether a crime has been committed. Subjective judgments about the severity of the offense and the difficulty of conviction also play a role. Stein's report makes pretty clear that Meese *did* violate the financial disclosure laws in a fairly minor way (not worth an indictment, Stein says, except "in the most egregious cases"), and more likely than not—if not provably beyond a reasonable doubt—accepted financial help from people he knew were seeking federal jobs.

More important, even if Meese did nothing criminal, this doesn't mean he did nothing wrong. Stein ostentatiously refuses to pass judgment on Meese's ethics. His 385-page report reveals Meese as, at the very least, a man who is monumentally incurious about why perfect strangers are so eager to do him favors. That is something worth considering, surely, before allowing him to become Attorney General.

Some might describe Meese's offense as "the *appearance* of impropriety." But this hoary formulation has always struck me as an unfair cop-out, since the accusation itself—when picked up by the national media—is what creates the appearance. If an official has not done anything actually wrong, he shouldn't be pilloried or punished. On the other hand, if he has—and Meese has—he shouldn't be able to beg off by mumbling an apology for creating the wrong appearance.

The hang-up about illegality infects even the most excited scandalmongers of the press. Often the real scandal isn't what's illegal, but what's legal. The *Post* lately, in a nostalgic throwback to the high Watergate style, has been persecuting the head of the Federal Emergency Management Agency. They caught him attending a Reagan-Bush fundraiser courtesy of a FEMA consulting firm, which later billed the agency for the cost. He also took his wife with him, first class, at agency expense, to conferences in Rome, Paris, Brussels, Tel Aviv, and Mexico City. What I wonder is why a consulting firm can charge you and me $2,000 to entertain a public servant, and why he seems to spend half his time flitting first class to world glamor spots. But apparently that's perfectly O.K., provided it's not a political fundraiser and he leaves his wife at home.

Don't lose heart, sleazemongers. No one is forced to become a politician, and no politician asserts his right to privacy when the local paper shows up to photograph him leaving church with his family. Of course investigative zeal can go too far. But there's more danger that it won't go far enough, denying us the information we need to hold our leaders to account and—not incidentally—denying us the innocent pleasure of watching the mighty brought low.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
NOVEMBER 19, 1984

TERROR FIRMA

From its very first days in office the Reagan Administration has talked tough on terrorism. The new President, just a week after his inauguration, greeted the former U.S. hostages just back from Iran with these words: "Let terrorists be aware that when rules of international behavior are violated, our policy will be one of swift and effective retribution." He added, "We hear it said that we live in an era of limit to our powers. Well, let it also be understood there are limits to our patience." Two days later, during his first press conference, Mr. Reagan said, referring to terrorists, "People have gone to bed in some of these countries that have done these things to us in the past, confident that they can go to sleep waking up in the morning and the United States wouldn't have taken any action." In the future, he said, "anyone who violates our rights is not going to be able to go to bed with that confidence."

Almost four years later the leading terrorists of this world have every reason to sleep soundly at night—and to feel considerable satisfaction by day. In Lebanon, terrorists succeeded in killing President Bashir Gemayel, in wrecking chances for a Lebanese-Israeli accord, in destroying three separate American installations with a loss of more than three hundred lives, and in driving U.S. forces out of the country. In Kuwait terrorists blew up the U.S. Embassy. In Burma they came close to eliminating the top layer of South Korea's government. In Britain they nearly succeeded in murdering Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and did kill one of her cabinet ministers. In Jordan, Israel, Egypt, and the Sudan, either bombs have gone off or major bomb plots have been discovered. Diplomats are murdered around the world almost routinely. And yet nothing of substance has been done by the world's civilized nations to combat the terror. There has been no effective retribution or even concerted action aimed at prevention of terrorism. There has been only talk.

We would not include the assassination of India's Indira Gandhi—grisly though it was—in this list of successes for the worldwide terror network, although her killing by Sikhs in her bodyguard force does illustrate the threat that sectarianism and ethnic nationalism pose to federated nation-states, even democracies. In trying to hold India together, Mrs. Gandhi went beyond firmness to despotism (as in the 1975 "Emergency," in which tens of thousands of her opponents were unnecessarily jailed) and to brutality (as in the massacre this year at the Sikh Golden Temple in Amritsar). Mrs. Gandhi's killing, while it exemplifies and reinforces the tendency to solve problems by violent means, seems to have been a domestic affair, not a product of the international terrorist conspiracy against democracy and not subject to U.S. prevention or response. It is to these activities that President Reagan referred in 1981, and it is to these that his Administration's policy has been confined almost exclusively to talk.

We heard more of it last week from Secretary of State George Shultz, who sounded impatient—mostly with his fellow policymakers in the Administration. Mr. Shultz was arguing for a public consensus behind military action to prevent, preempt, or retaliate against terrorist acts. Mr. Reagan, judging by his inauguration week comments, and

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considering his well-known talents as a "communicator," should have established such a consensus long ago. But he hasn't. Instead the United States remains, in Mr. Shultz's phrase, "the Hamlet of nations, worrying endlessly over whether and how to respond."

HOW SHOULD the United States respond to terrorist acts? There is the Israeli way: when attacked, attack—each and every time. It is Israel's way because of Israel's circumstances. Israel is a small country and the nations and groups using terrorism as a primary weapon threaten its survival. And, most crucially, Israel is isolated, even by much of the free world. The other democracies (to say nothing of Communist and Arab countries) have done little to help Israel in its fight against terror directed at Israelis and Jews generally. France, Greece, and others have released murderers on the flimsiest of grounds. In this country, remember how long it took to extradite Ziad Abu Eain—killer of two young Israelis in a Tiberias bomb blast in 1979—and how impassioned the full-page ads were in his defense? Moreover, within the space of one year the Western democracies, led by the United States, *twice* evacuated from Lebanon, and thus rescued from military destruction the largest assembly of terrorists in the world. And the Europeans compound the problem by providing that assembly with continuing diplomatic support and legitimacy.

Israel, forced to act alone, does not have choices. The United States does. It is a superpower; its survival is not threatened; and it is the leader of the democratic world. Yes, the United States should use its military power at the right time and place to accomplish results. But it should devote its energies foremost to unifying the civilized world in resistance to terrorism. The means to achieve this is not a mystery: an international consortium of countries prepared to impose stiff—*and joint*—sanctions against countries practicing and encouraging terrorism and harboring terrorists. The international moral and political solidarity on this matter ought to be such that governments refusing to be part of it should be ostracized. Those who are in the consortium ought to share intelligence about terrorists and should expedite extradition procedures to ensure that terrorists are swiftly brought to justice. Most important would be automatic, severe, and unanimous sanctions against terrorists and their host countries. One reason Britain imposed no a hint of a penalty on Libya for shooting a London policewoman was that whatever good or service Britain might have denied Mr. Qaddafi, some brother NATO nation would have rushed in the next day to supply it. What if one dead policewoman cost landing rights in every Western democracy? If a gun in a diplomatic pouch shut down all of one's embassies? A bomb on a bus: no trade? Most alliances are built on the principle that an attack on one country is an attack on all. A Terror Defense Treaty signed and honored by the democracies (others welcome, but the democracies have clout enough) would be the most powerful anti-terror instrument yet devised. Its creation is a job for the the leader of the alliance. It should be Mr. Shultz's first priority. To be sure, international cooperation is a point in his anti-terrorist agenda, but it was subordinated to his argument for military action.

We concur that the United States should be prepared to meet terrorism with force. But when this is done it must be done right—which is to say that the target that is hit must be the right target. After the bombing of the Marine barracks in Lebanon last October, the United States responded with indiscriminate naval shelling, and after Syria fired on two unarmed American reconnaissance planes, it replied with a bombing sortie that resulted in the death of one flier and the capture of another. "The public must understand before the fact," Mr. Shultz said last week, "that there is potential for loss of life of some of our fighting men and the loss of life of some innocent people." That must indeed be understood, but it must also be understood that terrorism does not give its victims license to match the terrorists' own ruthlessness. Mr. Shultz said that U.S. power should be used "judiciously," and that is an appropriate standard to apply.

Mr. Shultz also said that "our military has the capability and the techniques to use power to fight the war against terrorism." And: "our intelligence services are organizing themselves to do the job" of discovering "who the terrorists are, where they are, and . . . the patterns of behavior of terrorist organizations." How nice it would be if U.S. intelligence and military acumen could measure up to the Israeli standard. But as yet they cannot, and no one seems to understand this better than the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency, the principal Hamlets referred to by Mr. Shultz. This Administration has increased the military budget vastly, and in percentage terms is said to have increased the C.I.A.'s budget even more. Yet we are far from having a reliable ability to identify and target terrorist bases. We gather that the idea of destroying, say, a Libyan training camp in response to a P.L.O. or Iranian attack has not even been thought of by the Administration's anti-terrorist planners. Why not? It cannot be for fear of killing innocents. It must be a failure of imagination.

WE CONCUR with Secretary Shultz on his major point—that those who use terrorism are at war with the West and with its values, and that the West has a moral right to fight back. We do not believe, however, that *any* action taken in the name of Western democracy is moral. "A great nation with global responsibilities cannot afford to be hamstrung by confusion and indecisiveness," he said. "Fighting terrorism will not be a clean, pleasant contest, but we have no choice but to play. . . . If terrorism is truly a threat to Western moral values, our morality must not paralyze us." These comments come uncomfortably close to suggesting that neither morality nor law should restrain American behavior.

For evidence that such restraint is indeed sometimes lacking, one need only examine the C.I.A.'s infamous training manual for guerrillas fighting the Sandinistas in Nicaragua. (See "Our Man In Nicaragua," by Leon Wiesel-

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tier, page 8.) The manual recommends the assassination of civilian officials, the employment of criminals, and the murder of fellow guerrillas to create martyrs. We do not know whether the manual is an aberration or whether, on the contrary, it represents practices actually engaged in by the *contras* and encouraged by their North American trainers. If the latter, we would support House Speaker Tip O'Neill's call for the firing of William Casey, the Director of Central Intelligence. On terror there can be only one standard.

During his second televised debate with Walter Mondale, Mr. Reagan was asked by our executive editor, Morton Kondracke, whether he wasn't merely bluffing when he vowed swift retaliation against terrorists. The President replied that "we want to retaliate, but only if we can put our finger on the people responsible and not endanger the lives of innocent civilians." That is a fair explanation of why the United States has been so restrained about taking military action. Only days later, however, Mr. Shultz seemed to be calling Mr. Reagan Hamlet. Mr. Reagan then said that what Mr. Shultz said was not Administration policy, at which point the President's spokesman said yes, it was. Policy, policy, who's got the policy? Which is it to be? Are we going to retaliate regardless of civilian casualties, as Mr. Shultz indicates, or will we try to avoid them, as the President says? We hope the Administration will retaliate—but prudently, and against a guilty target. That's the only kind of retaliation that would deservedly win public support—and the only kind, therefore, that would not be a prelude to a quick return to the policy of empty bluster.

In the interim, a real and bloodless step would be a first draft of a Terror Defense Treaty.

NOTEBOOK

□ THE END: We have a note from our old friend Samuel H. Beer, who writes: "What we need now is a National Commission on Armageddon. President Reagan said in the second Presidential debate that he has engaged in 'some philosophical discussions' on the subject. These must now be formalized. Like Social Security financing, Armageddon deserves attentive and dispassionate study. It is crucial, for example, that we ascertain the time of this final battle between the forces of Good and the empire of Evil. We already know the exact spot from Revelations 16:16: the Hill of Meggido in the Holy Land. Would it not be advisable to install an MX missile silo there forthwith, even before the next fiscal year? Questions such as these need to be tackled by an expert commission. Its members should surely include Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, and Alvin Toffler. Timing is of the essence. Fortunately the President has narrowed the possibilities. 'No one,' he said, 'knows whether these prophecies mean that Armageddon is one thousand years away or day after tomorrow.' There is no time to lose. The nation should call for 'action and action now,' to quote Ronald Reagan's favorite President."

□ IN THE SOVIET UNION striking workers get an all-expenses-paid vacation on the Black Sea—if they're striking *British* workers, that is. Last week, according to the German news magazine *Der Spiegel*, the central committee of the Soviet Miners' Union expressed its solidarity for 130,000 striking British coal miners by inviting 150 of them to Pizunda in Soviet Georgia, for three weeks in a resort hotel (with free room and board). Each guest received 30 rubles in pocket money and another 200 rubles with which to buy gifts for their co-workers back home. Transportation to such noteworthy sites as High School No. 2 in the city of Lezelidze was provided by police wagons. Soviet miners, of course, would also be entitled to rides in police wagons if they followed the example of their British comrades.

□ HOWARD SAMUELS, who died suddenly last week at the age of 64, wanted more than anything in the world to be governor of New York, and he came heartbreakingly close more than once. In a way he was ahead of his time and place, a neoliberal hero in a paleoliberal state. He had made himself rich as an entrepreneur—the entrepreneur, moreover, of Baggies, one of the characteristic products of the period. In the early part of his political career the tabloids invariably called him "upstate industrialist Howard Samuels"; unfortunately for him this was before industrialists had acquired their present glamour in the Democratic Party. Later, after Governor Hugh Carey, who had defeated him in a primary, had appointed him head of New York's Off-Track Betting Corporation, some Runyonesque cabbie dubbed him "Howie the Horse." He was a skilled if unlucky politician; had he achieved his ambition, the sort of "new-ideas" liberalism represented by Gary Hart might have achieved its earliest toe-hold in Albany. Mr. Samuels was an honest and decent guy. In public life there are never enough of those.

□ CORRECTION: Sandy Frucher is Walter Mondale's New York campaign manager, not Morton Kondracke's, as implied by a typographical error in last week's issue ("Call To Glory," TNR, November 12).

□ THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Dropping into Washington this week is His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlevi Shahinshah of Iran. The Shah has just turned 30, is unmarried, plays tennis, has one brother out of Harvard and another presently at the University of Michigan, and 90 percent of his 15 million subjects are illiterate, living at subsistence level. The Shah will spend the last week of his month's stay here skiing at luxurious Sun Valley, Idaho." ("TRB From Washington," November 21, 1949.)

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Meet Tayacan, the Reaganite revolutionary.

OUR MAN IN NICARAGUA

BY LEON WIESELTIER

THE RELATIONSHIP of means to ends in American foreign policy is a popular perplexity again, thanks to George Shultz and Tayacan. Mr. Shultz is the Secretary of State, who last week delivered an emphatic and somewhat embarrassing speech on terrorism. Tayacan is the author of *Psychological Operations in Guerrilla Warfare*, a manual issued by the Central Intelligence Agency to its clients in the jungles of Nicaragua and published in an English translation of forty-one pages by the Congressional Research Service of the Library of Congress.

The manual includes instruction in kidnapping ("Kidnap all officials or agents of the Sandinista government and replace them in 'public places' with military or civilian persons of trust to our movement"); other unspecified criminal activities ("If possible, professional criminals will be hired to carry out specific selective 'jobs' "); assassination ("It is possible to neutralize carefully selected and planned targets, such as court judges, police and State Security officials, CDS chiefs, etc."); and a particularly clever and callous form of conspiracy to murder ("taking the demonstrators to a confrontation with the authorities in order to bring about uprisings or shootings, which will cause the death of one or more persons who would become martyrs, a situation that could be made of use immediately against the regime"). Naturally the discovery that the United States includes such acts among the instruments of its foreign policy has provoked some outrage.

And naturally the outrage has provoked the sort of intellectual intimidation that a moral examination of American acts usually does. For example, when Senator Daniel P. Moynihan aired his anxieties on David Brinkley's Sunday show on ABC, George Will reminded him that during World War II we bombed Dresden for the sake of democracy. Mr. Will wished to know the difference between the taking of human lives one at a time, which Tayacan teaches, and the taking of human lives in what he delicately described as "job lots of 80,000." That last locution, moreover, was designed to inform the Senator that the world is dirty, which is the second half of the conservative's customary defense of the occasional American depredation. The evaluation of means, it was implied, is for the lily-livered.

Mr. Will's use of Dresden was demagoguery. We are not at war, and the making of American foreign policy will not profit from the pretense that we are. Moreover, being hard on Ronald Reagan's violence against Nicaragua does not make you soft on Franklin Roosevelt's violence against Germany. Is it really impossible to discuss the problem of American means and American ends without having the temperature so ridiculously raised? But the conservative construction of the discussion goes something like this: those who understand the difference in ends between the United States and the Soviet Union need not trouble themselves about the difference in means; and those who trouble themselves about the difference in means between the United States and the Soviet Union do not understand the difference in ends. This, too, is demagoguery. It is also a rather shaky form of patriotism; a proper confidence in the nation should be less fearful of criticism of it. What is American, is moral, is the position of a failing mind, and of a failing heart.

Better than that position, for the purposes of analysis and action, would be what students of international affairs call "realism," that is, a fine amoral understanding of Soviet-American relations as a rivalry between great powers, a classical competition that is dead to values. Where Sidney Hook was, there shall Clint Eastwood be. But it is late for that. There are values that divide the United States and the Soviet Union. Totalitarianism is worth fighting; democracy is worth fighting for. Still, the cost of introducing morality into analysis and action is high. It is the cost of living morally. There will be self-examination and self-criticism. Means will matter. You cannot tell a citizenry that is morally exigent and intellectually free that we are always already moral and therefore need not worry about morality. Our political system has more respect for its citizens than that.

The cost of living morally was illustrated by Mr. Shultz even as he struggled against it. Speaking about terrorism, he insisted that the United States not become "the Hamlet of nations." "If terrorism is truly a threat to Western moral values, our morality must not paralyze us." We must use force, even if "occasions will come when the government must act before each and every fact is known," even if there is potential for "the loss of life of some innocent people." This is more than the conservative theory of toughness; it is a fair assessment of the nature of anti-terrorist action, and Mr. Shultz was admirably candid.

But there is something a little pathetic about still another American speech against terrorism, which survives speeches. In this matter we have become the Polonius of nations. Moreover, Mr. Shultz seems not to have resolved the means and the ends in his own mind. No sooner did he

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warn that the war against terrorism will be hell than he proceeded to assure his audience that "in this Administration our actions will be governed by the rule of law." But no law governs the taking of innocent lives. Mr. Shultz remains caught between his policies and his principles. In this, too, he was admirable. Unlike some of the intellectuals who mechanically make the case for the Administration's every bit of bluster, the Secretary of State seems troubled, his impatience with moral inhibitions notwithstanding, by the spectacle of America red in truth and claw.

WHICH BRINGS US to Tayacan and his work. In fastening upon its sensations, the press has overlooked its real offense. *Psychological Operations in Guerrilla Warfare*, for a start, is not a counterinsurgency manual, as the press has described it. It is an insurgency manual; this time the insurgents are on our side. According to Christopher Dickey and Joanne Omang in *The Washington Post*, Tayacan is the pen name of John Kirkpatrick (that's *John* Kirkpatrick), a C.I.A. contract employee who served as a soldier in Korea and Vietnam. Apparently his text was once a Special Forces manual in Vietnam. English, however, was not its original language, as a reader will immediately see. This is a text that once appeared in Vietnamese, or Kampuchean, or Chinese, or Russian, or Spanish. It does not matter who Tayacan really is. He is the vehicle for the transmission of the collective wisdom of generations of Leninist insurgents. The C.I.A. has not published merely an outrageous document; it has published a Communist document.

On one page, for example, Tayacan cites the pronouncement of a leader of the Huks on the subject of the most effective method for terrorizing a local population. The Huks were Communist guerrillas in the Philippines in the late 1940s and early 1950s; the mention of them is the only explicit reference in the work to its Communist inspiration. But the tradition of Communist guerrilla doctrine is everywhere in the text. Tayacan's words and ideas owe everything to the literature produced by the Chinese and Latin American insurgencies. The "nuclei" that the guerrillas must form may be found in Ché Guevara's first manual of guerrilla warfare (he wrote two). The "armed propaganda" that is the controlling conception of Tayacan's first chapter may be found, with equal pride of place, in Regis Debray's *Revolution in the Revolution?*, though the idea is a convention of the literature and probably originated in the "propaganda of the deed" of the anarchists of the late nineteenth century. The tactical importance of the creation of martyrs may be found in *The Philosophy of the Urban Guerrilla* by Abraham Guillen, the chief theoretician of the Tupamaros. And so on.

More generally, the style of Tayacan's manual is a perfect imitation of the style of the classical manuals. There is the same scientistic tone, the same technical and ideological rigor, the same air of unreality.

Consider not just the style. Consider the content, too. Section 5 of Chapter I, for example, which treats of "the development and control of 'front' (or façade) organizations," which is "carried out through subjective internal control at group meetings of 'inside cadres.' " A venerable Soviet tactic, too common to require citation. Or Section 6 of Chapter I, on "the control of mass meetings" in which "cadres are placed or recruited in organizations such as labor unions, youth groups, agrarian organizations, or professional associations" in order to "prepare a mental attitude which at the crucial moment can be turned into a fury of justified violence." A venerable Maoist tactic, also too common to require citation. Or Section 1 of Chapter III which recommends that "close identification with the people," be established by "putting aside weapons and working side by side with the peasants in the countryside: building, fishing, repairing roofs, transporting water, etc." A venerable tactic of Guevara, for whom it was a cardinal principle of guerrilla warfare that the guerrilla will be "a sort of guardian angel" who will help peasants "technically, economically, morally, and culturally."

But the Communist character of the C.I.A. manual is evident in a more chilling way. It is evident in Tayacan's attitude toward the individual guerrilla and the individual peasant. Quite simply, that attitude is totalitarian.

Tayacan is immensely concerned about the motivation of his guerrillas. He prescribes what he calls "the dynamics of groups and self-criticism," discussions by means of which the force can "exercise social pressure on the weak members to carry out a better role in future training or in combative action." Each group is to be assigned a "political cadre . . . to guide the discussion . . . to reach a correct conclusion." Still, "the guerrillas should feel that it was their free and own decision." But Tayacan is no fool; he has a good working knowledge of the problems that face the forces of revolution. A crisis of faith is one of them. Thus, "any serious difference with the objectives of the movement should be noted by the cadre and reported to the comandante of the force. If necessary, a combined group meeting will be held and the team of political cadres will explain and rectify the misunderstanding." And, continues Tayacan in supremely Orwellian fashion, the guerrilla should be "guided" by the political cadres "by the following three principles: Freedom of thought; Freedom of expression; Concentration of thoughts on the objectives of the democratic struggle." In this way, Tayacan concludes, there will result a guerrilla "who in a persuasive manner can justify all his acts."

TAYACAN'S ATTITUDE toward the peasants he is supposed to be liberating is the usual liberator's attitude. They are fodder. They are to be patronized, and lied to, and manipulated. The targets of the "armed propaganda teams," according to Tayacan, "are not the persons with sophisticated political knowledge, but rather those whose opinions are formed from what they see and hear." The primary purpose of such persuasion, however, is intelligence, the creation of "eyes and ears within the population." To this end, the guerrillas must be "courteous and humble" in their encounters with the peasants; but with the aim of infiltrating "family, comrades, or intimate friends." ("He will try to penetrate the heart of the family,"

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says Tayacan of the guerrilla, unaware that he is violating the distinction between authoritarianism and totalitarianism.) Once the infiltration has been accomplished, the guerrilla is to proceed to blackmail. "Develop a friendship, attracting him through his preferences. . . . Meetings can be arranged which seem casual . . . so that 'other persons' know that the target is attending them. . . . The target, then, is faced with the fact of his participation in the insurrectional struggle. . . . The notification of the police, denouncing a target who does not wish to join the guerrillas, can be carried out easily."

Tayacan fears nothing so much as the masses' spontaneity; he is a good student of Lenin. Thus Chapter VI treats quite scrupulously of the techniques of "an apparent spontaneous protest demonstration." Agitators, or "psychological war cadres," will "precondition the masses" at meetings with inflammatory rhetoric, with the intention of "preparing in advance a hostile mental attitude . . . so that at the decisive moment they can turn their furor [sic] into violence." In this way, Tayacan submits, "a force of 200-300 agitators" can create a riot "in which 10,000-20,000 persons take part."

So much for the struggle for hearts and minds.

SINCE THE 1930s honest men and women in the West have repudiated communism. Their reasons have been many. Among them is the Communist indifference to the moral problem of means. For communism, there is no such problem. There are many proofs of this in many languages. Consider, for example, the essay written in 1919 by the Hungarian Marxist philosopher Georg Lukacs, called "Tactics and Ethics." I know of no more lucid statement of communism's eschatological justification of evil (and no more sinister text by a first-rate mind). It bears directly upon the difference between democracy and totalitarianism. "To the question, 'How do conscience and the sense of responsibility of the individual relate to the problem of tactically correct collective action?' " Lukacs answers that "the adherence to correct tactics is itself ethical." Correctness, he continues, is "prescribed by the philosophy of history"; it is "objective." Thus, in the name of "a socio-transcendent objective," the law may be violated, and "the murderous deed" committed.

The means-ends conundrum, then, is not simply a problem for philosophers. It is nothing less than a defining characteristic of the democratic consciousness. The rejection of communism, if it is to mean anything at all, must mean the acceptance of a condition of constant introspection for a whole society. It will not do, therefore, to mock the sensitivity to means found in an open society; if you do, you mock that society's essence. Paralysis, particularly in the conduct of foreign policy, is indeed a risk that an open society runs. Better a nation in paralysis, however, than a nation in prison. Anyway, the history of open societies is not exactly a history of helplessness.

In his language, in his style, in his influences, in his tactics, in his strategy, in his attitude toward the guerrilla, in his attitude toward the peasant, Tayacan is a Communist. Above all, he is a Communist in his contempt for the question of means; that is why he can accept the dogmas of Mao and Ché so easily. Tayacan writes of "the democratic guerrilla." This is an old idea, too; it is what the Italian and Polish rebels of the nineteenth century called themselves. But there is nothing in their manuals (in Carlo Bianco's *Manuale pratico del revoluzionario italiano*, for example) about the manipulation of the masses. These democrats (bloodied democrats, to be sure) took it for granted that the masses were with them. They wrote and fought from a feeling of moral strength and social solidarity.

Not Tayacan. His manual is the work of a man who knows that his support is not deep, who must disguise a struggle for power as a struggle for justice. A feeling of weakness pervades the text—the same feeling that pervades, say, the writings of Ché, who understood that the job of an insurgent is to force a majority to accede philosophically and politically to a minority. (The Communist theories of the vanguard, of the party, of the *foco*, were all compensations for the popular indifference to communism.) Tayacan does not sound like a man who knows that history is on his side; or even like a man who knows what his side is. He sounds like a man with a contract.

Tayacan's excuse for violence is exactly a Communist kind of excuse. Thus, "whenever it is necessary to use armed force in an occupation or a visit to a town or a village," it must be explained to the inhabitants that it is "a necessity caused by the oppressive system, and will cease to exist when 'the forces of justice' of our movement assume control." For example, a guerrilla may "fire on a citizen who was trying to leave the town or city in which the guerrillas are carrying out armed propaganda"—no trysts in the woods of northern Nicaragua—but he must "admit that this is an act of 'the democratic guerrilla' with appropriate explanations; that this action, although it is not desirable, is necessary, because the final objective of the insurrection is a free and democratic society where acts of force are not necessary." Ideals make the best alibis. Is this the kind of man you would rely upon to make a democratic society? Should the people of Nicaragua? It is much more likely that the people would do with Tayacan what they did with Ché. That is, deliver him to the army.

Psychological Operations in Guerrilla Warfare does not mean that the United States is like the Soviet Union. It does not mean that the *contras* have no cause, or that the Sandinistas are the lesser evil. But that is not the end of the discussion. The proper instruments of American policy, even of American pressure, are by no means obvious. The Administration owes the country an explanation—the Administration that chose, as a matter of policy, to assist in the military diminishment and political destruction of the only "democratic guerrilla" in Nicaragua, Edén Pastora. If Tayacan represents our policy, the Administration should say why. If he does not, it should say why not. Ripostes about taking the heat and getting out of the kitchen will not suffice. There are tough people who dislike murder, and there are weak people who like it. It is not wise, in any event, to think with your spine. □

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On the small screen, ideology without ideas.

THE REAGAN MILLENNIUM

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

THE OCTOBER terrors were over. Ronald Reagan's momentary exposure to spontaneous debate had almost unnerved us; this was not the awesome Great Communicator we had come to worship. After the second debate, with Walter Mondale vanquished by a joke, the reassuring image could be restored. On the stump, every detail and word was artfully arranged by advance men and speechwriters. And in the television advertising, there was no hint of the confused fellow muttering about "Armageddon" and a "time capsule."

A large, menacing grizzly bear, lumbering through the woods, suddenly appeared on our screens. "Some people say the bear is tame. Some say it's vicious." Close-up on huge claws. "Since no one can be sure who's right, isn't it smart to be as strong as the bear?" The bear comes face to face with the shadowy silhouette of an isolated hunter, and takes a step backward. There is no mention of the Soviet Union, or the defense budget, or Mondale, or Reagan. The meaning of the ad is already in the psyche of the viewer. And we know that the steadfast hunter symbolically must be Reagan.

"Good emotional advertising isn't designed so much to think about, to understand, so much as to feel. It's the most powerful part of advertising. It stays with people longer and better," says Phil Dusenberry, a creative member of the Tuesday Team, the advertising group assembled especially to produce Reagan's commercials. In ordinary life, Dusenberry produces ads for Pepsi. "We believe Pepsi people have a special spirit, optimism, good feelings for life and living." For the Reagan campaign, he says, "patriotism is the feeling." "The ads work," claims Doug Watts, media coordinator for the Reagan-Bush Committee. "I mean they produce results—faith and confidence." But these emotions are invested in a personality, whose victory must be personal, ruling out the surpassing loyalty of voters to a party. "Reagan is bigger than the party," says Jim Travis, manager of the Tuesday Team. "He's a radical President."

Reagan does not craft his own ads, but they are a clear embodiment of his message. From the mosaic of individual ads, we can begin to see the coherent shape of Reaganism and its appeal. Like the bear ad, the implications need not be obvious, or stated, to be real. In Reaganism the upbeat mood sustains itself; consciousness dictates circumstances. Reagan's unique selling proposition is his identification with our desires. If we reject him, we deny ourselves. Our manifest destiny is his election. We are in control because we have placed our trust in him.

Reagan fosters nostalgia for the present. Our current happy days are depicted through a gauzy lens. Reagan persuades us that thinking about the present is an act of remembrance. He erases time. "We shouldn't be dwelling on the past, or even the present," he said during the second debate. "The meaning of this election is the future." But, he added, we know "nothing" about it. No past, no present, no future—we have only an enduring sense of place. Reagan has faith that we are always the same and that the place remains the same. Except that before him, somehow, our vision was blocked. His slogan: *America's coming back.* But what is coming back? The change Reagan sees is visual; it's a change in scenery. He defies time, both in his person and his policies. To him, the future is not urgently pressing. He's relaxed, unlike the fretful Mondale. The mode of "coming back," as his ads repeatedly explain, is dreams—timeless scenes of where we want to go. And the dreams Americans have are recurrent; they never fundamentally change. They are always about the familiar and perfect place, an America of the mind.

Reagan beckons us by themes and dreams to a millennial community of permanent prosperity beyond the business cycle and over the rainbow. But he describes no specific new frontiers to conquer. We are not on an errand in the wilderness. We can go home again. His campaign is driven by ideology without ideas. Among the virtues of the promised land is its vagueness. If the process of reaching utopia could be charted by linear logic it would seem mundane and, therefore, not utopia. Our faith, however, can hasten the great day. Elections, which are measures of faith, are an encouragement to increasingly fervent missionary work, especially among Democrats. The more we convert, the sooner the perfection of the world. Reagan, by transforming religious motifs into political myths, acts as the sacred secularizer.

The President extols traditional values, but he exists on production values. Voters believe they agree with him on issues, even when they don't; his talent is to get them to convince themselves. His talking head spots are marvels of nuance. He has total confidence in

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the camera and the microphone; they are his old friends. In one ad, he establishes eye contact with us and talks about "a clear choice." Then he looks away, dipping his head for a second, projecting the appearance of natural thoughtfulness and intimacy, although he's reading a script. With this small gesture the distance between the viewer and the performer is closed. "And it's a very simple choice." The camera is slowly, almost imperceptibly, moving toward him. We are physically getting closer to Reagan; we are being taken in. "It makes you wonder if they remember how things used to be." This line, delivered with conviction, has no meaning, but it's evocative and affecting. "There's a better life ahead. But only if we look ahead." It's a place, not a time. But what's "clear" about what we see? We see only Reagan. His triumph is one of manner over matter.

In his arsenal of techniques, his radio-trained voice is among his most effective weapons. He narrates most of his ads. "Reagan is the strongest means we have," says Doug Watts. "At a focus group that tested spots someone said, 'I just love that guy's voice.' Then he was flushed with embarrassment when he realized it was the President's voice." In a series of ads, Reagan narrates scenes of happy Americana. Without any break in his narration we see him speaking before the Republican Convention. His voice has been electronically augmented by a slight reverberation, making it huskier and warmer. We sense the presence of the delegates by their sound, but we don't see anyone, except Reagan. He speaks directly to us. In terms of visual structure, we are members of the responsive crowd.

Reagan is an icon for people weary of stress. It's comforting to see the President's utter absence of anxiety about the most terrifying problems. In his ads, he never works hard. He works hard only at play on his ranch. Otherwise, he's cool. He's strong, but he never sweats. He attacks the welfare state, yet his spots have a subtext of leisure. He conveys the image of success without effort. The cuts from scene to scene are often slow dissolves. There's no technical acknowledgement of conflict, as there is in the jerkily cut Mondale ads. Reagan consoles us. The mood is underscored by the welling of flutes and strings. He tells us a bedtime story, tucks us in, and promises us sweet dreams. We're asleep before we know it.

AN INSPIRATIONAL LEADER must be the master of more than technique. He must have experienced what he preaches. Reagan wants to unite Heaven and Earth, a millennial image. In the 1960s and 1970s, the American body politic was corrupted and the soul drifted to another place, a place of malaise, a Slough of Despond. Reagan himself has gone through the division of body and soul three times. In his most famous movie, *King's Row*, his legs were cut off at the knees, and he cried out, "Where's the rest of me?" Then, he was divorced by Jane Wyman and married Nancy Davis. "I have found the rest of me," he wrote in his memoirs. Finally, in the early days of his Presidency, he was wounded by an assassin's bullet, forcing him to experience the physical divorce of body and soul and their reunification. He became the personification of his program to bring together again the American spirit and place. America's coming back—it's coming back home, coming back from death.

NOWHERE IS THIS theme of redemption more vividly explored than in the Tuesday Team's eighteen-minute film shown at the Republican Convention and subsequently extended into a thirty-minute ad. "January 20, 1981." Reagan takes the oath of office. Images of morning: a kid delivers newspapers, suburban commuters pile into a station wagon. "Yes," says Reagan, "it was quite a day, a new beginning." George Bush agreed, "The mood is different." Factory workers and blacks concur. A Hispanic proclaims, "God bless America!" Images: a wedding, a young family moves into a new house, a kid salutes the flag, the Statue of Liberty. Then Reagan stands before a flag-draped coffin. A soldier hugs his mother, grasping a flag in her hand. "I can't forget the men who died, who gave that right to me," sings Country-Western crooner Lee Greenwood. "There ain't no doubt I love this land. God bless the U.S.A." "Yes," says Reagan, "there's a lot of talk of renewed patriotism." Images: Air Force One, Reagan at the Korean DMZ. A young woman testifies: "If anybody has any question of where he's headed, it's their fault. Maybe they don't have a television." Seeing is believing.

Suddenly, shots rings out, and bodies fall to the ground. Reagan is hit. "I didn't know I was shot," he says. He recalls Cardinal Cooke, "a wonderful, a most dedicated man . . . he said . . . God must've been sitting on my shoulder. Well, He must've been. . . . Whatever time I've got left, it now belongs to someone else." He looks down. Slow dissolve. He has not only been elected by us; he is now one of God's elect.

Vigorous again, he strides the world stage. Images: Reagan in Japan, Reagan in China. Flags wave.

Shots ring out. A grainy black-and-white newsreel depicts the D-day assault on Normandy—the Good War. ("It's real," Phil Dusenberry, principal director of the film, tells me. "No scripts. It's a real-life dream.") "These are the boys," says Reagan, as the camera scans a group of old men, wiping away tears, the Rangers who took the beachhead in 1944. "The best darned kids in the world," says Reagan about men his own age. He, too, is one of the "kids."

A young woman sits among the ancient "kids." Her father was one of them. But he died before he could make the pilgrimage to Normandy. Reagan reads a letter she's written to her father, bringing him back to life. "I'll feel all the things you made me feel through your stories and your eyes," he reads, his voice heavy with emotion. The daughter weeps. "I'll never forget what you went

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through, Dad, nor will *I* let anyone else forget. And, Dad, I'll always be proud." Reagan has become the father. The World War II veteran who serves in a Culver City movie studio is now battle-scarred. Without the sacrifice there could be no redemption, no recovery. Fate is obligated to us. Will we forget what he went through? Will we feel the things he made us feel through his stories? Aren't we prouder?

IMAGES: Reagan on horseback, Reagan chopping wood. The scene slowly dissolves from the ranch to the Oval Office, where the President sits calmly and passively. He is a comforting, not a punitive, father. Compared to him, everyone else seems brash and troubled. Now we're in the White House's Roosevelt Room, where battle streamers hang from flags. "My fondest hope," says Reagan, "is never again to add another streamer."

"I'm proud to be an American," pipes up the song. Images of movement, up, up, and away: white-water rapids, skyscrapers, a flag-raising, a space shuttle blast-off. These images take us away but bring us back home; even the space shuttle returns to Earth. More images: the Normandy veterans—the "kids"—stand with hands over hearts. Reagan stands with Olympic medalists, his arm paternally wrapped around Mary Lou Retton. Dissolve to the Statue of Liberty—he's her father, too. Then Reagan walks in the White House, his arm around Bush. He's even *his* father. And if he's our father, this must be home. Close-up of Reagan, hands clasped above his head in the victor's pose. The Presidential seal. Ruffles and flourishes. "Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States. . . ."

America's coming back. But who or what is it coming back from? To Reagan, Mondale is less a person—"What's his name" he once called him—than a condition to be overcome. Mondale is a pole of negative energy that gives Reagan his magnetism. For Reagan's purposes, Mondale has been the best of all possible Mondales. And in the absence of an ideal Mondale, Reagan's preconceived ideology would work less than ideally. "The reason Mondale is perfectly constructed as an opponent is not because he's dull and boring," says Doug Watts. "Reagan has always run with a cynical eye on government, the outsider against the system. Every one of his opponents has been Mondale."

America's coming back from more than the Carter-Mondale years. We are overcoming time to return to place, a place of our dreams. If the place weren't familiar, we wouldn't know when we had arrived. Reagan assumes that everyone knows what home feels like. And if this is home, he must be our father.

If we're coming back, where were we? We were in "an America that wasn't working," according to a Reagan ad. Why wasn't it working? "People were losing faith in the American dream." The crisis in the material world was only a manifestation of a spiritual crisis. Images: an old woman hobbles down a weed-covered path going nowhere. An empty, silent factory. A door swinging on an abandoned farmhouse opening onto a barren, parched field. Then a cowboy wipes the dust off himself. "We rolled up our sleeves and showed that working together there is nothing we Americans can't do." Images: a station wagon in front of a suburban home. Workers streaming into a factory. Smiles. The sun. Sparks from a welder's torch. We have progressed from infertility to insemination to fertility. "The springtime of hope for America," says Reagan. "Greatness lies ahead of us."

America's coming back. But are we redeemed already? Reagan presents no particular problems to solve, besides overcoming the condition called "Mondale." "Today," says a Reagan ad, "the dream lives again. Today jobs are coming back. The economy is coming back. And America is coming back, standing tall in the world again." Images: construction workers reconstruct the Statue of Liberty. The workers, however, aren't building anything new. They are engaged in an act of restoration. "President Reagan, rebuilding the American dream."

Reagan's media campaigns present him as the fulfillment of American ideals and his version of the "new patriotism" the only possible interpretation. But Reagan's broadcast ideology is nostalgia without the function of historical memory. He promises a "city on a hill," without a social covenant. He never echoes the visions of John Winthrop: "The care of the public must oversway all private respects . . . for it is a true rule that particular estates cannot subsist in the ruin of the public. . . . We must be knit together in this work as one man." Reagan's message resonates with his reverberating voice, but it does not resonate deeply in our history. Unlike the American Founders, who had an overwhelming sense of time, Reagan's time is weightless. With Reagan, we escaped history; we achieved grace and redemption through an act of blind faith.

BUT WHAT IF Election Day isn't the consummation of history? Then Reagan must confront the "age issue" in its most meaningful sense—the sense of time. For when time enters the picture, timeless millennial kingdoms fail. Such kingdoms, in fact, always fail in history, each in its own way, especially those bound together by visions without plans. After Election Day must come the Day of the Locust, because the narcissistic dreams of self-interest, being bottomless, can never be fulfilled.

The flaw in Reagan's vision is that the place he believes is eternal is defined by time. "America is change," wrote James Bryce, the English Tocqueville, in *The American Commonwealth*. This, after all, is not a static republic, where the future is past, and the present is forever. Reagan's call to glory calls us to a place out of time, to a synthesized mood of perpetual self-satisfaction. The dreams he evokes are dreams without prophecy. Yet America is always a prophecy. America is not a resting place. We are never redeemed from history. We make history. America never comes back. America is change. □

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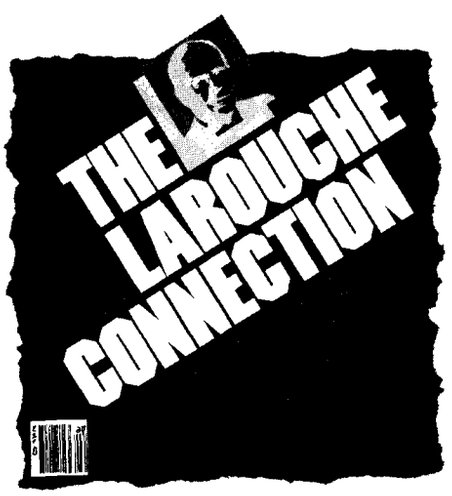
How the leaders of a lunatic fringe won access to Administration officials, and with it, respectability.

THE LAROUCHE CONNECTION

BY DENNIS KING AND RONALD RADOSH

OVER THE PAST YEAR, innumerable television viewers have tuned into Lyndon H. LaRouche Jr.'s paid political speeches on national TV and have watched the 62-year-old multimillionaire waging his Presidential campaign, the main themes of which are support for the Reagan Administration's "star wars" policy and attacks on Walter Mondale and Henry Kissinger as "Soviet agents of influence." Many bemused viewers may also recall brief encounters, through the years, with LaRouche's followers at major airports across the nation, where they attract customers for their pamphlets and magazines by displaying posters such as "Feed Jane Fonda to the Whales."



The fanatical worldview underlying LaRouche's public activities is well known in Washington, and he has been roundly denounced by organizations and media outlets as diverse as the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the Heritage Foundation, *The New York Times*, and the *National Review*. The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith has accused him of "the injection of anti-Semitic poison into the American political bloodstream." Yet over the past four years, this same LaRouche and his followers have gained repeated access to a wide range of Administration officials—including high-level aides at the National Security Council and the Central Intelligence Agency—who have found LaRouche as useful in supplying information and promoting their policies as LaRouche has found them in legitimizing his cause.

The basis of LaRouche's effort is his cadre organization, the National Caucus of Labor Committees (N.C.L.C.), which controls assorted front groups and enjoys close ties to the Ku Klux Klan. The most visible arms are the Fusion Energy Foundation (F.E.F.), which promotes nuclear power and beam weapons, and the National Democratic Policy Committee (N.D.P.C.), an electoral machine on the fringes of the Democratic Party. The N.D.P.C. backed LaRouche for President in the recent primaries and is now supporting his campaign as an independent. In addition, LaRouche and his followers operate an international "press service" which publishes the weekly *Executive Intelligence Review (EIR)* (subscription price, $399 per year) and has provided freelance intelligence reports for many foreign governments, including the Republic of South Africa.

As soon as Ronald Reagan took office, LaRouche's well-educated, articulate followers fanned out to various executive departments and to the offices of leading Republican Congressional figures. The LaRouchians, as they are commonly called, presented themselves as ardent supporters of Administration policies and testified at confirmation hearings in favor of key Reagan appointees. In Reagan's first year, they obtained direct access to many high-level persons, and the *EIR* printed edited transcripts of what were described as interviews—or, in some cases, "exclusive" interviews—with Agriculture Secretary John Block, Defense Undersecretary Richard DeLauer, Commerce Undersecretary Lionel Olmer, then Treasury Undersecretary Norman Ture, Assistant (now Associate) Attorney General Lowell Jensen, and Senator John Tower, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee. In addition, LaRouche himself managed to get on the invitation list for a March 26, 1981, breakfast meeting with Interior Secretary James Watt; and two of his aides breakfasted with Watt the following week.

According to former LaRouchians, one of the people the N.C.L.C. attempted to cultivate was Labor Secretary Raymond Donovan. In 1982, when allegations about illegal activities involving Donovan's Schiavone Construction Company and organized crime were under probe by fed-

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Dennis King, a New York freelance writer, has written extensively on the LaRouchians during the past six years. He is the author of a League for Industrial Democracy report, *Nazis Without Swastikas*, and of many magazine and newspaper articles on political cults. Ronald Radosh, a frequent contributor to TNR, is co-author with Joyce Milton of *The Rosenberg File* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston).

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eral special prosecutor Leon Silverman, LaRouche's security chief, Jeffrey Steinberg, launched his own counter-investigation to assist Schiavone. In a June 18, 1982, memo to Morris Levin, house counsel and secretary of Schiavone, Steinberg—writing on the stationery of *Investigative Leads*, a LaRouche publication—outlined the progress of his work and mentioned plans for a meeting with Robert Shortley, a private investigator working on behalf of Ronald Schiavone, Donovan's business partner. A copy of the memo was obtained from a Schiavone-linked source by Frank Smist Jr., a University of Oklahoma graduate student.

The Silverman report, released on June 28, 1982, concluded that there was insufficient evidence to indict Donovan. However, an investigation was subsequently launched by the Bronx County district attorney's office, which resulted in the indictment last month of Donovan and seven Schiavone officials, including Levin and Schiavone, on 137 counts of larceny and fraud in relation to construction contracts on a New York City subway tunnel.

In a telephone interview, Levin acknowledged the Steinberg connection. "I've talked with Jeff from time to time," he said. He also said that he and Schiavone had once met together with Steinberg and had maintained phone contact with him since then for mutual exchanges of information.

For the most part, the 1981-82 LaRouchian efforts to build ties with cabinet members were not very successful. James Watt, for instance, recalls that LaRouche "used all the right words, but you instinctively felt something was off." Nevertheless, the LaRouchians made full use of the publicity value of these contacts in order to legitimize their standing in Washington, while moving to form ties with important national security and intelligence officials as well as weapons scientists on top-secret projects.

THE STORY of the LaRouche group's national security contacts was first raised last March on NBC's now defunct "First Camera" by Emmy award-winner Pat Lynch. In preparing her report, Lynch obtained from LaRouchian defectors the names of many of the Administration officials who had met privately with LaRouche or his aides. One of those Lynch interviewed was Dr. Norman Bailey, who had resigned in December 1983 from his posts as a special assistant to the President and as the N.S.C.'s senior director of international economic affairs. Bailey not only confirmed the defectors' allegations about extensive LaRouchian ties with the Administration; he justified them by claiming that LaRouche has "one of the best private intelligence services in the world."

The NBC program also touched on LaRouche's neo-Nazi teachings, his organization's threats against reporters, and an alleged discussion in 1977—by LaRouche and several of his aides—of a scheme to assassinate Jimmy Carter by remote-controlled radio bomb. (The latter charge is one of the issues in a libel suit LaRouche filed against NBC and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, charging they had "conspired" to defame him; the trial is currently underway at the Federal District courthouse in Alexandria, Virginia.) The day following the "First Camera" show, Democratic National Committee Chairman Charles Manatt called on President Reagan to "end the shocking White House involvement" with LaRouche. But White House spokesman Larry Speakes, responding to a question about LaRouche at a briefing later that week, said that the Administration's policy is to talk to "any American citizen" who might have "helpful" information.

THE HEART of the relationship between LaRouche and Administration officials is not any deep affinity for LaRouche's ideology. Even those who have dealt with LaRouche closely are careful to disassociate themselves from his conspiracy theories. Interviews with a number of these individuals revealed that, in every case, the basis of the relationship is a philosophy of "use." N.S.C. officials such as Bailey have found the LaRouchians' intelligence-gathering to be useful in the formulation of policy. Government scientists, in some instances, have found the support of LaRouche front groups for fusion energy and star wars weaponry to be helpful in making these arcane subjects known to a wide public.

John Cusack, chief of staff of the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control and formerly a high-level Drug Enforcement Administration official, recalls how in 1981 the LaRouchians "established some measure of credentials" by aggressively championing issues such as drug enforcement in which the Administration was interested. According to Cusack, they moved into a "vacuum. . . . They were ringing doorbells when no one else would. They were saying the right things for the Reagan Administration."

LaRouche's attitude toward the relationship appears to be every bit as opportunistic as that of the Administration. Dr. Steven Bardwell, a plasma physicist and LaRouche science adviser, resigned from the N.C.L.C. last winter because he believed its ideology was being compromised by LaRouche's frantic attempts to piggyback off the Administration. "We are being led around by the nose," Dr. Bardwell wrote in a memo before he quit, "by our perception of what the Reagan Administration wants us to do and say. At the point, nine months ago, that Reagan adopted an approximation of our [beam weapons] policy, our N.S.C./C.I.A./D.I.A. 'connections' acquired a powerful hold over us. We now began to bend our polemics, public statements, intelligence tasks, and terms of reference to suit our newly acquired clients."

But if the relationship is opportunistic rather than ideological, it is not any less repugnant. One friend of the Administration who sees this clearly is Henry Kissinger, who described to us the anti-Semitic harassment he has experienced from the LaRouchians. We outlined for him LaRouche's meetings with high Administration officials, including C.I.A. officials. "If this is true," Kissinger said, "it would be outrageous, stupid, and nearly unforgivable."

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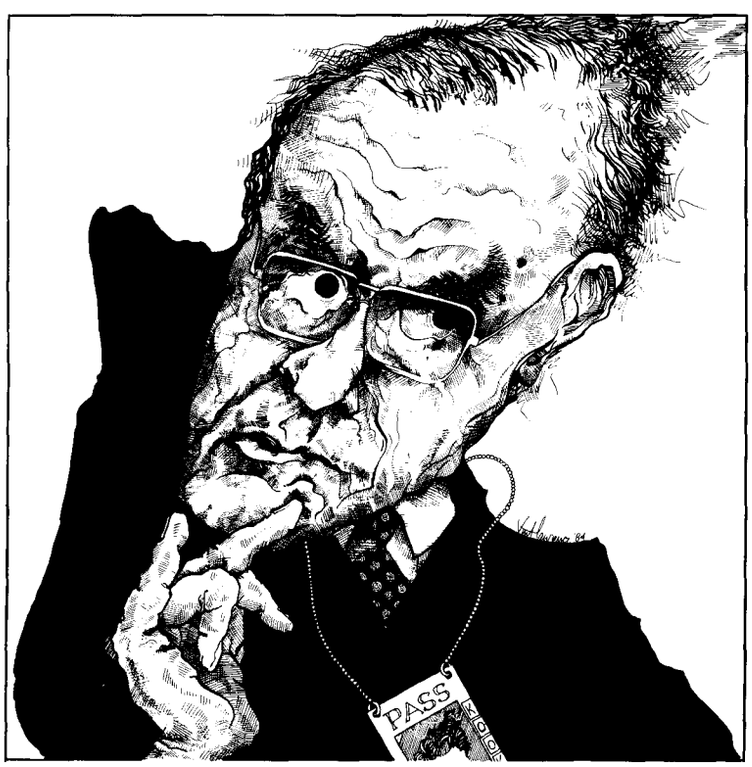
LaRouche And The National Security Council

IN SPITE of LaRouche's scurrilous attacks on Kissinger and other distinguished public figures, some members of the Administration have been willing to listen to him. For instance, between early 1981 and early 1984, the LaRouchians held a range of meetings not just with Norman Bailey but also with other N.S.C. aides, including Richard Morris, a special assistant to President Reagan's then National Security Adviser, William Clark; and Dr. Ray Pollock, who was the N.S.C.'s director of defense programs.

Bailey, now a partner with former C.I.A. director William Colby in a Washington consulting firm and an adviser to the Reagan-Bush '84 campaign, told us he had met with the LaRouchians between eight and twelve times, including three meetings with LaRouche himself. Bailey said the first meeting, in the spring of 1982, was arranged by a "top assistant" to Clark. Despite Bailey's initial reservations (he had sued the LaRouchians in 1975 after they called him a "fascist"), he was struck by their support for Administration policy on such issues as beam weapons, nuclear power, and industrial revitalization. He says he gained useful information "from time to time" which he would "jot down and pass on."



LYNDON LAROUCHE BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Citing a June 1984 meeting between LaRouche and President Raúl Alfonsín of Argentina, Bailey said, "These people are like ferrets. They get to see very high [foreign] officials, who sometimes open up to them." (In fact, LaRouche has gained at least two meetings with Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, and he met in 1982 with Mexican President López-Portillo.) Bailey said that his own chats with the LaRouchians fit into his task of monitoring the attitudes of Third World leaders toward the debt crisis. He suggested that LaRouche may have shown "a certain amount of prescience" in calling attention to the debt crisis at a time when only a minority of economists were concerned about it.

Bailey confirmed that he had gone to LaRouche's mansion in Leesburg, Virginia, for dinner last spring. "I was curious," said Bailey. He praised the gourmet dinner and described the estate as guarded by "very heavy security," with dogs and a chain-linked fence.

Bailey told us that LaRouche is "not at all an anti-Semite." Shown an editorial from LaRouche's newspaper, *New Solidarity*, entitled, "Register the Zionist Lobby As Foreign Agents," Bailey said: "A lot of people are anti-Zionist without being anti-Semitic."

Former national security aide Richard Morris, who is now Clark's counselor at the Department of Interior, also had extensive contacts with LaRouche's followers. He told us he had met with LaRouche on two occasions and had talked to him on the phone "from time to time." Morris said that he disagrees "in large respects" with the ideology of the LaRouchians, but that he finds their information and impressions useful. "They get to meet officials of South American governments," he said, also citing their trips to China. In Morris's view, some of LaRouche's followers are "very sound." He described them as "trained academics" who come up with "good factual information."

Morris said that the LaRouchians sent "voluminous material" to the N.S.C. during Clark's tenure, but that none of it got to President Reagan. He said he didn't know if any of the material reached Clark. (Last June, LaRouche stated under oath, in a deposition in *LaRouche* v. *NBC*, that he once received a message from Clark in response to a memo. "There was a need for him to know and a need for me to know he received the information," said LaRouche, who described the information as classified.)

Morris admitted that "there's politically a lot of downside" to the LaRouche connection, but he believes it "may be wrong" to make a "flat prohibition" against Administration dealings with the LaRouche organization. "There's a First Amendment even for those you don't agree with," he said, apparently confusing LaRouche's right to free speech with a right to meet personally with high government officials.

Perhaps the most significant of LaRouche's N.S.C. contacts was Dr. Ray Pollock—one of the chief architects of Reagan's star wars policy. Pollock, who resigned from the Administration early this year, told us of two meetings he

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THE WORLD ACCORDING TO LAROUCHE

Before his conversion to far-right ideas in the mid-1970s, Lyndon LaRouche had been immersed in far-left groups and ideologies for three decades. An army medic during World War II, he broke with the pacifism of his Quaker parents and drifted from sect to left-wing sect, ending up in 1948 a member of the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party and taking the name "Lyn Marcus," after Lenin and Marx. In the mid-'60s he formed his own group, the New York Labor Committee, which became a faction of Students for a Democratic Society and played a significant role in the 1968 student strike at Columbia University.

When S.D.S. expelled LaRouche's followers, he promptly renamed his group the "National Caucus of Labor Committees" and began to teach that capitalism would be overthrown within a decade via the N.C.L.C.'s "ruthless" leadership. In 1973, still claiming to be on the left but in reality shifting slowly to the right, LaRouche began "Operation Mop-Up," a series of some forty muggings of members of left-wing groups (including the Communist Party and the S.W.P.). His followers—armed with numchukas and clubs—traveled in packs from city to city, often attacking lone individuals. Many required hospital treatment, and several LaRouche followers were arrested for assault.

In December 1973 LaRouche announced that he was the target of a C.I.A.-based assassination conspiracy. The agency, according to LaRouche, was kidnapping his followers, brainwashing them via homosexual rape, and transforming them into Manchurian-candidate-style assassins who would be triggered by code words. Those who believed this fantasy proved their readiness for LaRouche's next step: the open move to the extreme right.

In a 1977 issue of *Campaigner*, the N.C.L.C. theoretical magazine, LaRouche explained that his alliance with the left had been only tactical. The theories of Marx were now deemed inadequate—though still superior to those of Mill (a "thug"), Hume (a "conscious thug"), Ricardo (a "lying thug"), Malthus (a "paid thug"), and Adam Smith (a "hired thug"). In order to defeat "neo-Fabian assaults," the LaRouchians would henceforth promote "capitalist development," in the process becoming a "tough bunch."

LaRouche showed what he meant when he deployed his followers to Georgia in 1978-79 to undergo training in "counterforce" at the estate of Mitchell WerBell III, a manufacturer of silent machine guns. By this time, LaRouche had formed a close alliance with Ku Klux Klan elements and with Willis Carto's Liberty Lobby, and he had adopted openly anti-Semitic rhetoric. LaRouche's newspaper, *New Solidarity*, announced that Zionism is an evil cult, that a cabal of Jews controls organized crime, that the Holocaust was "mythical," and that B'nai B'rith "resurrects the tradition of the Jews who demanded the crucifixion of Jesus Christ."

LaRouche's anti-Semitism is the basis of an elaborate theory which sees all history as a conflict between an unutterably evil "oligarchy" of "usurers" with an "Aristotelian" philosophy and the equally determined (but less well-organized) forces of "neo-Platonic humanism," whose leaders have included Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, and, more recently, Lyndon LaRouche. Down through the centuries, LaRouche argues, the evil oligarchy has committed monstrous crimes against humanity. It undermined ancient Greek civilization via Asiatic sex cults, poisoned medieval popes, ran the slave trade, and (after moving its headquarters to Britain in the seventeenth century) assassinated Abraham Lincoln, killed John F. Kennedy, and invented heroin.

LaRouche regards his "neo-Platonic humanist" troops as the nucleus of a super-race of "golden souls," and, in describing the enemy, he has developed the concept of a separate biological species, the "Zionist-British organism," which "must be destroyed so that humanity might live." Indeed, the LaRouchian program contains many elements of neo-Nazism: "dictatorship-in-fact" of industrial capitalism; "immediate elimination" of Jewish influence in business, government, and labor; a demand for a "permanent Special Prosecutor's office" to try Jews for treason; a call for a Germanophiliac remolding of American culture; and a call for "total mobilization" in preparation for "total war."

Those who criticize LaRouche are invariably seen as part of the enemy plot. When TNR published a short piece on LaRouche nine months ago ("Paranoid Politics," by Peter Spiro, February 6), *New Solidarity* responded with a broadside describing TNR as a tool of a vast network including the K.G.B., the A.D.L., the F.B.I., the I.L.G.W.U., Murder, Inc., the British Secret Service, and *National Review*. This conspiracy, *New Solidarity* charged, had plotted "a major assassination attempt against Lyndon LaRouche" in 1978.

This fall, during a half-hour paid political broadcast on the CBS television network between 8:30 and 9 P.M. on October 23, LaRouche announced, "Walter F. Mondale is an agent of influence of the Soviet secret intelligence services." This, he said, "is a matter of plain, straightforward, documented fact." Furthermore, Mondale's role as a "conscious agent of Soviet influence" is part of a huge "treasonous operation" which includes the West German Green Party, Willy Brandt, "the Swiss-controlled grain cartel," Henry A. Kissinger, and—as an apparent afterthought—"NEW REPUBLIC circles." In his current race for President, LaRouche soft-pedaled his anti-Semitism—Zionists are now referred to as "Kissinger and his friends"—but the real meaning is not lost on LaRouche's Ku Klux Klan allies. In a recent article, Michigan Klan leader Robert Miles saluted LaRouche for "exposing the neo-atheist materialism of Kissinger to the dismay of the Talmudists." The Klan, unlike many respectable figures in government, seems to understand what his movement really represents.

D.K. & R.R.

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had in his N.S.C. office with LaRouche, and he also described his long history of contacts with aides of LaRouche: first as a scientist at Los Alamos National Laboratory, then as a Department of Energy adviser, and finally at the N.S.C.

POLLOCK STATED that "LaRouche is a frightening kind of fellow." But he too was intrigued by LaRouche's talented followers. Pollock's initial contact was Chuck Stevens, an engineer who works for the Fusion Energy Foundation and who began calling Pollock when Pollock was at Los Alamos. Pollock said that Stevens and other F.E.F. members "had interesting rumors about the fusion community," which he said "speaks well for their intelligence network."

While at the D.O.E., Pollock would sometimes have lunch with Stevens. After moving to the N.S.C., he continued to talk with Stevens on the phone, and he met on several occasions with other LaRouche science aides who were vigorously promoting a new Manhattan Project for beam weapons. He was especially impressed by the arguments of Dr. Uwe Henke von Parpart, LaRouche's top science adviser. However, Pollock declined offers from the LaRouchians to pay his way to LaRouche-sponsored beam weapons conferences in Paris and Thailand.

Pollock said he first met with LaRouche in early 1983 at the request of Morris. Morris sat in on the meeting, as did LaRouche's wife, Helga Zepp-LaRouche, and they discussed West German politics. At the second meeting, in the fall of 1983, during which LaRouche outlined an alleged conspiracy of European oligarchical families, Pollock says that LaRouche sought to use him to "get to the Judge," meaning National Security Adviser Clark. Pollock somewhat reluctantly put LaRouche's comments into a one-page memo and "sent it across the street to Clark."

A common theme emphasized by Bailey, Morris, and Pollock was their belief that LaRouche's aides, in contrast to LaRouche himself, are rational individuals and that these aides, not LaRouche, are the chief source of valuable information. However, the research and propaganda efforts of LaRouchian aides who have met with N.S.C. officials do not reveal much rationality. One of those aides is Jeffrey Steinberg, LaRouche's security chief, who stated, in a June 1984 deposition in *LaRouche* v. *NBC*, that he had visited the Executive Office Building (which houses the N.S.C.) eight to ten times in the previous year. Steinberg is a co-author of *Dope, Inc.*, a book commissioned by LaRouche which blames the international drug traffic on the Queen of England and prominent American Jews. There is also the case of Dr. von Parpart and of LaRouche economics adviser David Goldman (who was Norman Bailey's chief N.C.L.C. contact); in 1978 von Parpart and Goldman jointly signed a *New Solidarity* article in which they accused Jewish "traitors" of stealing America's H-bomb secrets for Israel and then suggested: "Both superpower governments should make terrifyingly clear—and if the American government does not, the Soviets should do so unilaterally—that if Israel explodes a nuclear weapon of any sort . . . it will immediately be annihilated by nuclear counterattack of the superpowers."

Apparently the N.S.C. is not the only arm of the Administration that perceives method in the LaRouchian madness. In January 1983, at a point when the LaRouchian meetings with N.S.C. officials were well in progress, the State Department transmitted a priority cable to the Bonn embassy, titled, "State Policy Re Anti-LaRouche Disorganizing Activity." Sent under George Shultz's name, the cable quoted a complaint from a LaRouchian journalist that "certain U.S. embassy officials abroad" were trying to dissuade individuals in foreign countries from associating with LaRouche. The cable then quoted the official response, which stated that negative characterizations of U.S. political figures "are not authorized" and that officials should "refrain from offering personal opinions while acting in their official capacities." The clear implication was that LaRouche should be allowed to continue representing himself in Germany, without refutation, as a major American figure and friend of the Administration.

LaRouche And The Defense Scientists

LAROUCHE HAS been just as determined to gain standing in the community of defense scientists as he has to win the confidence of Administration policymakers. His chief tactic has been to associate his work with that of Dr. Edward Teller, the father of the H-bomb, who is a member of the White House Science Council and who played a key role in the development of the Strategic Defense Initiative (S.D.I.), the official star wars program. LaRouche's followers constantly print Teller's picture in their publications with glowing accounts of his work, claiming that he and LaRouche are working toward the same goal. In early 1983, LaRouche even began to term his own beam weapons scheme the "LaRouche-Teller proposal."

Teller denies cooperating with the LaRouchians. He says that in the early 1970s they accused him of "genocide," but that in 1976 they suddenly began to "assail" him with overtures of friendship. He adds that he's been "more disturbed by their friendship than by their attacks." Although he has chatted with F.E.F. representatives on the phone, he has declined all invitations to meet with LaRouche, whom he describes as a "poorly informed man with fantastic conceptions."

Yet Teller, throughout the early 1980s, remained silent while the LaRouchians used his name to open doors in Washington and in half-a-dozen European cities. Teller now believes he should have denounced LaRouche earlier, but says he was reluctant to "criticize someone for agreeing with my ideas."

After interviewing Teller, we obtained a *New Solidarity* article reporting on a LaRouche-sponsored beam weapons

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conference in Paris last March. According to the article, LaRouche addressed the conference, as did Dr. Robert Budwine—a major star wars scientist at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory and a close personal friend of Teller—who reportedly included in his speech "a message to the Europeans present from Dr. Edward Teller."

Budwine confirmed that he had addressed the Paris conference and that the LaRouchians had paid his way. He described the LaRouchian story of the message from Teller as a "total fabrication." Teller, however, said in a follow-up telephone conversation, "I may have told Dr. Budwine to give LaRouche my regards, out of politeness." Teller emphasized that no support for the conference had been "intended or implied." Teller said that he had advised Budwine not to attend the conference, "but perhaps not strongly enough," and that he had subsequently advised Budwine—who had also spoken at a LaRouche conference in Bangkok—not to attend any more such events. However, Teller admitted having met with Colonel Marc Geneste, a French neutron bomb expert who is close to LaRouche and who recently went on a LaRouche-sponsored speaking tour of the United States. Teller described his meeting with Geneste, which focused on the S.D.I., as "totally friendly."

Teller and Budwine agreed that Budwine had initially contacted the LaRouchians last year as a favor to Teller, whom the LaRouchians had been pressuring for a show of support. Budwine said that he hadn't known LaRouche "from Adam," and that his motive had been simply to take the pressure off Teller. But something happened which Teller hadn't intended. Budwine, by his own account, became intrigued with the LaRouche organization and was drawn for several months into the periphery of its activities. He began to attend LaRouchian events, such as the annual conference of the N.C.L.C. last January at LaRouche's mansion in Virginia. He became friendly with a number of LaRouche's top aides, including Dr. von Parpart. He also spent several hours in "one-on-one" conversations with LaRouche, discussing Platonism, Indo-European root languages, and other favorite LaRouchian themes.

BUDWINE RECOGNIZED LaRouche's ideas as "unmitigated pseudoscience," and said so to LaRouche's aides. But he also felt drawn to the group on another level. In describing the January conference, he said: "Their warmth and concern for each other was remarkable. They had baroque harpsichord music in the background, like they were attempting to re-create an eighteenth-century salon."

It was Budwine's scientific training that prevented him from being swayed by the intensive LaRouchian recruiting effort. "They kept talking about this great method they have, but I kept asking: 'What kind of method is it that consistently gives you the wrong answers?' " Budwine began to read up on the subject of political and religious cults. Today, he believes that "LaRouche is not a serious man, he's even less than that . . . LaRouche is crazy."

Another important figure in star wars research is Dr. John Nuckolls, associate director for physics at Lawrence Livermore and the man to whom the miracle-shield weapons research team—the "O Group"—reports. Nuckolls says that he has had extensive contact with the LaRouchians and that he was once an F.E.F. member. He says their attempts to "break the classification barrier" sometimes makes "interaction difficult." He confessed to being "puzzled" over whether or not their promotional activities on behalf of government weapons programs are "positive or negative," but said, "It may be useful to have someone at the grass-roots—assuming they are at the grass-roots." He said he didn't want to either attack or defend them. "We have a common interest," he added, citing both fusion research and the S.D.I.

SOME DEFENSE EXPERTS have expressed concern that the extremist N.C.L.C. has succeeded in getting so close to the defense science community. One such expert is Major General George Keegan Jr., retired, former Chief of Air Force Intelligence and one of the first prominent Americans to advocate, in the mid-1970s, a star wars defense system. Keegan charges that the LaRouchians have been "successful in penetrating every private and government organization in the United States" involved in fusion research (a key area of research underlying laser and particle beam weapons development) and in the monitoring of Soviet fusion developments. "I have observed with a sense of mounting shock," he says, "their success in eliciting what I thought was sensitive information."

Keegan's view is not shared by General James Abrahamson, director of the S.D.I. (and a subject of adulation in LaRouche's publications), who says he is not aware of any "special access" of the LaRouchians to classified information. He adds, however, that "his [LaRouche's] people do understand the technology" of the S.D.I. (This is a curious qualifier if, as Dr. Nuckolls told us, it is impossible to understand the technology without having access to classified information.)

In part, Keegan's concern is that the LaRouche organization's information could find its way into the hands of the Soviets. This worry is shared by the Heritage Foundation, which, in a report on LaRouche released last July, noted secret meetings in the mid-1970s between the LaRouchians and Soviet U.N. official Gennady N. Serebreyakov (a connection first described in the *National Review* in 1979). The report also accused a LaRouche follower of attempting, more recently, "to obtain from a member of the House Armed Services Committee staff the range of the U.S. cruise missile—one of America's most sensitive military secrets." (According to John Bosma, editor of *Military Space*, the incident occurred in 1981, and the LaRouchian was attempting to find out the missile's odometer range.)

That conservatives are not just paranoid about the compulsive curiosity of the LaRouchians is suggested by a January 19, 1981, confidential memorandum from one of

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LaRouche's top security aides to the leadership of the N.C.L.C. The memo, although ostensibly depicting N.C.L.C. members as victims of Soviet K.G.B. tricks, refers to Serebreyakov as a "certain U.N. contact" and mentions trips by F.E.F. scientists to Moscow "for Scientific collaboration." It says that one of these trips resulted in an "incident" in which an unnamed LaRouchian wrote up a ninety-page report "on the U.S. scientific community" and that "the Soviets found the information given to them quite useful." The 1981 memo suggests that if a "national security problem" should surface in relation to the incident, "our open policy committment [sic] to public cooperation with the Soviets on scientific and related questions makes our defense nearly airtight." The memo then goes on to complain about anti-N.C.L.C. influences on the Soviets, allegedly emanating from the Communist Party U.S.A., which the memo says are "a continual nuisance in our having clear channels into the Soviets."

According to *Fusion* magazine, two F.E.F. staff members did travel to Moscow in December 1978 to attend a conference on "laser interaction." In addition, N.C.L.C. defectors recall a slide show given by a LaRouche science aide after returning from a tour of a Soviet science complex near Novosibirsk in central Siberia.

LaRouche And Star Wars

APART FROM the question of security leaks, have the LaRouchians gained any significant influence over S.D.I. policymakers? The responses of Administration officials and defense scientists to this question were contradictory and often ambiguous. Norman Bailey, in an untelevised portion of his interview with Pat Lynch, noted that the LaRouchians "are very strongly in favor of certain [Administration] programs" such as "the defensive technologies that the President mentioned in his [star wars] speech." Bailey also said that President Reagan's and Mr. LaRouche's "policy views" on these defensive technologies "coincide." Ray Pollock—who was one of several Administration aides who actually developed the policy underlying President Reagan's star wars speech—denies that LaRouchian enthusiasm for the S.D.I. ever resulted in any real influence on Administration thinking. Yet Pollock frankly acknowledges that he engaged in several discussions of the S.D.I. with LaRouche's emissaries, and that he had found potential "merit" in their ideas on the economic "spin-offs" from the S.D.I.

Among weapons scientists, Dr. Nuckolls was quick to say the LaRouchians had not influenced the S.D.I. But Dr. Lowell Wood—chief of the "O Group" and perhaps the nation's leading star wars scientist—would not give any such blanket assurance. According to Wood, the LaRouchians told him they had met with top N.S.C. and Pentagon officials, including personal aides to President Reagan. Although Wood, who himself enjoys access to high Administration aides, has not attempted to confirm these boasts, he did say that "many government figures—members of the present [Administration]"—had remarked to him about the "quality, speed, and accuracy" of the LaRouche intelligence operation.

IN FACT, the LaRouche organization began pushing for a version of the S.D.I. long before most government officials and defense scientists even began thinking about it. In 1977 the N.C.L.C.'s Dr. Bardwell met twice with General Keegan, and the LaRouchians published a pamphlet that year in which they argued that the development of particle beam weapons is "crucial to this nation's survival." Although Keegan soon terminated all contact with the LaRouchians because of his uneasiness over their politics, they continued their work without him through articles in *Fusion*, careful monitoring of relevant Soviet literature in plasma physics, and polemics against scientists skeptical of particle beam technologies.

But the heart of their work in this area during the Carter Administration was the cultivation of scientists in fusion research—the springboard of the star wars technology. Important in this effort was a pragmatic relationship formed with several scientists in the Carter Administration's Department of Energy, who found the F.E.F. useful in promoting the cause of fusion research and were willing to speak at its conferences and otherwise lend their prestige to its organizing efforts.

For instance, Dr. John Clarke, then the deputy director of the Office of Fusion Energy, and today its director, praised the F.E.F. in a 1978 speech for its "courage" in championing high technology and acknowledged the fusion community's "debt of gratitude." (The F.E.F. promptly used the statement in a drive to sign up new members; and Dr. Clarke reaffirmed the statement in answer to queries, according to Freedom of Information documents released by the Department of Energy.)

Dr. Stephen Dean, director of Magnetic Confinement Systems in the Office of Fusion Energy, also spoke at F.E.F. events, including a conference staged to promote the Palestinian and Arab cause, with Dr. Clovis Maksoud of the Arab League as the keynote speaker. Dean continued to cooperate with the F.E.F. after he left the government, and even accompanied a LaRouche science aide on an F.E.F.-arranged trip to India, where the two had an audience with fusion enthusiast Indira Gandhi. In a recent phone interview, Dean indicated that he and other leading fusion scientists continue to have sympathy for the F.E.F.'s work. "I don't think they've done the country any harm," he said. "It makes life exciting to have them around."

None of the past or present Department of Energy scientists who helped the F.E.F. ever had much sympathy for the group's conspiracy theories. However, the LaRouchians did manage to develop a more ideological relationship with two maverick university-based fusion scientists, Dr. Winston Bostick and Dr. Friedwardt Winterberg. Bostick, who became involved in beam weapons-related

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research at the Kirtland Air Force Base weapons laboratory from 1979 to 1983, confirmed in a recent telephone interview that he supports many of LaRouche's political positions, including LaRouche's attempts to promote "German military, scientific, cultural, and economic traditions" among Americans. Winterberg, who volunteered ideas on beam weapons to the Air Force in the late 1970s and continues to speculate on the subject, has collaborated with the LaRouchians in a variety of ways, including foreign speaking tours for the F.E.F. In 1981 he provided them with diagrams of such esoterica as a "Nuclear X-Ray Laser Weapon Using Thermonuclear Explosives," which they promptly published in *Fusion*. He then wrote them a manual on how to make an H-bomb.

By the end of the Carter Administration, the F.E.F. was claiming thousands of members in the science and engineering community (on paper, at least) and over 80,000 *Fusion* subscribers. In 1980 one F.E.F. physicist wangled an invitation to give a lecture on the military applications of fusion power at West Point, and another spoke to a sizable audience of weapons scientists at Lawrence Livermore. With the enhanced credibility came many donations; and, in fiscal year 1980-81, the F.E.F. reported an income of close to $2 million.

In April 1981 LaRouche's *New Solidarity* reported that President Reagan "is known to favor a space-based ABM system." This information was apparently one reason that the F.E.F. began in 1981 to shift its main focus from fusion research to particle and laser beam weapons. In May 1981 the F.E.F. held a Washington conference to publicize new studies of "anti-missile beam potentials." The following February, LaRouche himself proposed at an *EIR* forum in Washington that a public drive for "defensive" beam weapons be stimulated to counter the nuclear freeze movement. LaRouche then issued a report which advocated beam weapons in greater detail—to bring about a "modern" U.S. military policy. In May 1982 the F.E.F. circulated to scientists and the Pentagon a "white paper" on beam weapons written by Dr. Bardwell. In August the F.E.F. distributed a special report on the X-ray laser concept to members of Congress, and this was followed up by several "briefings" for Capitol Hill aides.

MEANWHILE the LaRouchians were following closely the lobbying for a space-based ABM system that was being conducted by Teller, Wood, and other scientists. LaRouche's publications reported, for instance, on a September 1982 meeting between Teller and President Reagan and a subsequent speech by Teller before the National Press Club. When President Reagan, on March 23, 1983, surprised the public and the media—and even many top scientists—with his historic star wars speech, he apparently did not surprise the LaRouchians. One month before Reagan's speech, LaRouche had issued a call to his followers to intensify their campaign of petitions and lobbying for beam weapons, with the aim, LaRouche said, "to make 'defensive beam weapons' a household word in America . . . during the month of March."

After Reagan's speech, the media turned to the F.E.F. as a legitimate source for explaining what the President had in mind. F.E.F. spokesmen were quoted in wire service reports, syndicated columns, *The Washington Post*, and many local newspapers across the country. In their own publications, the LaRouchians were quick to claim a major share of the credit for the star wars policy, even describing LaRouche as its "intellectual author." According to Ray Pollock, they "flooded Capitol Hill" with such claims. He recalls that some people in the Administration and on the Hill became "concerned," but that "no action was taken to straighten out the record."

The LaRouchians promoted the President's new policy on various fronts. Their spokesmen testified at Congressional hearings and lobbied for beam weapon resolutions in several state legislatures. Beam weapons became a major theme of their electoral campaigns and of speaking tours by F.E.F. scientists. In the summer of 1983 the *EIR* published two "forecast reviews" on classified beam technology studies being prepared by the National Security Council. In October 1983 the F.E.F. held a seminar on beam weapons in the Dirksen Office Building. Dr. Pollock, who attended this meeting, recalls that "the room was full" and that many "government people" were there.

In Europe, the LaRouche-controlled European Labor Party organized a series of seminars to build support for NATO participation in the S.D.I. Working in close cooperation with Colonel Geneste, the E.L.P. managed to attract a number of French, German, and Italian generals to these seminars. At a LaRouchian conference in Rome in November 1983, General Volney Warner, retired, former Commander in Chief of the U.S. Readiness Command, shared the platform with LaRouche himself. Warner believed at the time that the LaRouchians had done some positive work in support of the S.D.I., but he now says he'd "like to disappear over the horizon in respect to that meeting and organization."

THE LAROUCHIANS have not exactly been scorned by the Pentagon. According to John d'Amecourt, programs director for the Department of Defense public affairs office, his staff "has been able to assist them [the LaRouchians] in the past" by supplying speakers. He said that last May a rally held by LaRouche's Schiller Institute in Crystal City, Virginia, was attended by two guest speakers from the Pentagon: Brigadier General Anthony Smith, who is principal director for European and NATO policy in the Department of Defense's International Security Policy Division; and Franklin Miller, the civilian director of Strategic Forces Policy in the same division. Interestingly, when they arrived they found not the 2,000 people the LaRouchians had promised, but only a small gathering of veterans.

D'Amecourt said that, after this experience, when the LaRouchians requested a speaker for an event in West Germany in September, no one was willing to go. He speculated that the LaRouchian attacks on Henry Kissinger—which he described as something "I wouldn't

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even do to the worst Democrat or liberal"—may also have triggered the reluctance. However, d'Amecourt said that the LaRouchians are still regarded by his office as a "conservative group" and as "very supportive of the Administration in general." Thus he still dutifully attempts to find them speakers, although he concedes he would not do so for, say, the Communist Party. "We don't want to be associated with something that would give the Department a bad name," he added.

A high-level Pentagon official with a similarly ambiguous attitude toward the LaRouchians is Dr. Richard DeLauer, Undersecretary of Defense for Research and Engineering and civilian head of the S.D.I. In 1981, DeLauer, a former executive vice president of TRW Inc., granted a lengthy interview to LaRouche's *EIR* in his Pentagon office. According to the text of the interview, DeLauer took the opportunity to fulminate on standard conservative themes. He blamed the weaknesses of American science on a decade of the "greening of America" and the influence of "gurus" who "took advantage of food stamps." During the interview, he was asked about his assessment of Soviet progress in the area of space-based ABM systems. DeLauer answered that his information on the subject came from reading *Aviation Week & Space Technology* and the *EIR*. He said, citing the opinion of one of his aides, "you guys are supposed to know more about it than anybody else."

Today, DeLauer says that the statement about *EIR*'s expertise was an expression of his "exasperation" with the interviewer. As for LaRouche, he said, "I have no use for that guy and his opinions." Yet DeLauer (who has recently been attacked in LaRouchian publications for his alleged "go slow" attitude on the S.D.I.) made an exception for the F.E.F., praising it for being "the only active group that opposes Jane Fonda" and for its championing of nuclear power. "In their support of nuclear power—in that sense—I support them," DeLauer said, and revealed that he had given them a financial donation. Asked about an obscene anti-Jane Fonda bumper sticker sold by the F.E.F., DeLauer said, chuckling, "I got another one [F.E.F. slogan] for you: 'More people have been killed in the back seat of Ted Kennedy's car than in a nuclear reactor!' " Nevertheless, DeLauer stuck to his main theme: the LaRouchians have "no standing whatsoever" with the Defense Department.

LaRouche And 'Total War'

ALTHOUGH LAROUCHE has referred publicly to beam weapons as a "defensive" system, his real agenda is a wild fantasy which has nothing to do with legitimate defense considerations. In 1978, in a series of articles on "total war" for *New Solidarity*, he described how a militarized United States under his leadership could achieve permanent worldwide "hegemony." "I propose to win wars," he said, arguing that such wars should aim at "progressive liquidation" of governments that refused to surrender and "total victory" over the "last bastion" of the enemy. Correct military policy, he wrote, "has always centered on viewing warfare as the work of God. . . ." For the sake of "humanity," America "must crush [the] forces of evil" and bring them under "firm-handed (if loving) rule." In explaining this doctrine, LaRouche outlined a strategy for a combined A.B.C. (atomic, bacteriological, and chemical) attack on the enemy "to the purpose of exterminating every possible means of opposition within the frontal area."

LaRouche conceded, in his 1978 writings, that between 120 and 180 million Americans would die in the initial A.B.C. exchange. He later apparently decided this was excessive, and stepped up his agitation for "defensive" beam weapons, while refining the concept of "total mobilization" to include mobilizing the American economy for a vast super-Manhattan Project to build the ultimate anti-ballistic missile shield. The fact that his basic goal has not changed, however, was confirmed by Dr. Steven Bardwell in his January 1984 N.C.L.C. memorandum prior to his resignation. Bardwell, LaRouche's chief expert on beam weapons, charged that the N.C.L.C. has taken the defensive star wars strategy of Dr. Teller and distorted it into a "first strike" policy. He charged that this distortion, which includes advocacy of "a massive in-width military build-up in the U.S.," is really based upon a denial of "the right of the Soviet Union to exist [in its present form]." Bardwell also revealed that LaRouche has gone beyond schemes for A.B.C. warfare and is now speculating about "Doomsday weapons," including "cobalt bombs with fans."

LaRouche And The C.I.A.

IF LAROUCHE dreams of conquering the world, he also dreams of becoming its number-one spymaster. Indeed, ex-members have compared him to General Midwinter, the wealthy Texas super-patriot in Len Deighton's *The Billion Dollar Brain* who finances an intelligence apparatus run by a giant computer. During the early Carter Administration, LaRouche took note of the cutbacks in the clandestine services and announced that he would take up the slack. He already had a small intelligence operation, which he gradually upgraded. His followers established the magazine *Executive Intelligence Review*, and the job of "correspondent" became the light cover of his amateur spooks. Soon *EIR* "news bureaus" in a dozen foreign cities were transmitting a steady flow of tidbits over the telex wires to LaRouche's New York headquarters. Apart from LaRouche's own foreign travels, *EIR* correspondents began waltzing into countries such as Vietnam, where an enterprising LaRouchian gained a lengthy and candid interview with Foreign Minister Nguyen Co Thach in 1981.

The usefulness of such LaRouchian intelligence has been confirmed not only by N.S.C. aides but also by intelligence professionals such as Lieutenant General Daniel Graham, retired, former Chief of the Defense Intelligence Agency (and a strong opponent of LaRouche in conserva-

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tive circles). Graham recalled in a telephone interview an instance in which the LaRouchians managed to gain information about Angola and Mozambique which had been unavailable from other sources.

Although the LaRouchians peddled their services to a number of foreign embassies in Washington, their chief focus was on gaining the attention and respect of the U.S. intelligence community, especially the C.I.A. According to C.I.A. documents released under the Freedom of Information Act, they deluged the C.I.A. with phone calls as early as 1976, including one to the home of then-director George Bush, pleading for an opportunity to "brief" Mr. Bush on terrorist groups. C.I.A. officials were skeptical, at the time, of LaRouche's intentions, noting his record as a Communist. In 1977, however, LaRouche hired the late Mitchell WerBell III, a far rightist with C.I.A. connections, as a security consultant and public relations man. WerBell hosted gatherings at his Georgia estate where the LaRouchians were introduced to a number of former C.I.A. agents. He also managed to entice a few active C.I.A. employees to a "safe house"—an apartment in the Crystal City Marriott near Washington—where the LaRouchians briefed them on the alleged global conspiracy behind the heroin traffic.

LaRouchian defectors say that the N.C.L.C. began in the late 1970s to utilize a former C.I.A. agent, Walter Mackem, as a consultant to supplement WerBell. Mackem had previously worked with WerBell on an ill-fated scheme to invade the island of Abaco in the Bahamas with a band of mercenaries. According to Lucien Conein, a celebrated former C.I.A. covert operations specialist now at the Drug Enforcement Administration, Mackem has been "doing something" for the LaRouchians " within the past year." Mackem, however, would only confirm "social" contacts with the LaRouchians.

THE LAROUCHE organization's access to the official intelligence community took a quantum leap after Reagan came into office. According to ex-LaRouchians and former Administration officials, LaRouche's aides began to meet or maintain telephone contact with several officials at the C.I.A. and the Defense Intelligence Agency. And the C.I.A. has confirmed that LaRouche himself was able at last to penetrate into the inner sanctum of Langley.

According to Admiral Bobby Ray Inman, C.I.A. deputy director from February 1981 to June 1982, his office received a "flow of materials" from the LaRouchians, and he met once with Lyndon and Helga LaRouche at their request. The meeting at Admiral Inman's office mainly focused on Helga Zepp-LaRouche's views about the political situation in Germany. Recollecting the meeting, Inman explained that, in the late 1970s and also during the early part of the Reagan Administration, the C.I.A. needed the help of outside sources because cutbacks in C.I.A. personnel had produced an intelligence "vacuum" in some regions, especially Latin America.

Inman said that meetings with sources such as LaRouche were part of his job. This was disputed, however, by a former top-level national security official fully familiar with C.I.A. procedure, who said the C.I.A. "has six levels of people" below the deputy director who could have met with the likes of LaRouche.

Although Inman claimed he gave the LaRouche couple "no invitation for further dialogue," he admitted that "no ongoing policy" was adopted to keep them away from the agency. Indeed, according to a C.I.A. public affairs spokesman, LaRouche was able to gain another meeting at Langley, this time with aides to Inman's successor, John McMahon. A former New York City police officer, Phil Perlonga, who used to do bodyguard work for LaRouche, has described how LaRouche traveled to an April 1983 meeting at Langley (apparently the second meeting) in a security entourage which included Roy Frankhouser, the grand dragon of the Pennsylvania Ku Klux Klan, whom LaRouche had hired to watch for assassins along the way.

LaRouchism At The Grass-Roots

THE REAGAN Administration's flirtation with the LaRouchians—and its failure to speak out when LaRouche boasted across the country about his influence over the President's star wars proposal—has reinforced the impression that LaRouche is a legitimate figure on the right.

LaRouche has used this appearance of legitimacy to build up his electoral front group, the National Democratic Policy Committee, which operates within the Democratic Party and purports to be the voice of conservative Democrats. The N.D.P.C., formed in 1980, has burgeoned over the last four years by emphasizing its support for key Reagan policies and by disguising LaRouchian anti-Semitism as "anti-Kissinger" rhetoric. Today, the N.D.P.C. is an impressive national electoral machine, embracing solid middle Americans—including many farmers recruited out of farm activist groups—as well as LaRouche's longtime cadre.

Although the N.D.P.C. did not achieve large votes for LaRouche himself in the 1984 Presidential primaries (he received at most 150,000 votes in about fifteen states), it has done amazingly well in grass-roots elections across the country. In 1983 it fielded over 600 candidates in twenty-five states for public office or Democratic Party posts. In 1984 the number jumped to over 2,000 candidates in at least thirty states, most of them qualifying for the ballot with no trouble. Although some of the new faces among these candidates are sincere converts to the LaRouchian ideology, others—perhaps a majority—are only in agreement with LaRouche on specific issues and either ignore or remain unaware of the core ideology. Nevertheless, N.D.P.C. candidates tend to describe themselves as "LaRouche Democrats," and the organization itself is dominated at the top by LaRouche's ideological stalwarts.

In the May 1984 Ohio primary, the N.D.P.C. ran candidates in a majority of the state's twenty-one Congressional districts and won its first Democratic nomination for Con-

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gress in the Seventh. Its candidate, a farmer who is solidly rooted in his community as well as being committed to the LaRouche outlook, trounced the regular Democratic candidate with 23,000 votes to the latter's 15,000. Although the district is traditionally Republican—and the N.D.P.C. nominee is given no real chance of winning in November—the *Columbus Dispatch* nevertheless observed that this primary victory "could go down in history as the first major step in legitimizing Lyndon H. LaRouche Jr.'s Presidential campaign organization."

In Ohio's Fourth C. D., the N.D.P.C. picked up a second, but uncontested, Democratic nomination. And in Ohio's Eighth C. D., where the regular Democratic candidate dared to raise sharp questions about the N.D.P.C.'s extremist affiliations, the N.D.P.C. candidate put up a vigorous defense. The result was a near-victory for the N.D.P.C. candidate, who achieved 47 percent of the vote.

The Ohio races were not a fluke. All across the country this year, N.D.P.C. candidates made impressive showings in scores of primary races for the U.S. Senate and House and for state legislative seats. Although the majority of these races, like the Ohio ones, were in heavily Republican districts where the regular Democrats had traditionally put up little-known and undynamic candidates, the resulting record cannot be ignored: In North Carolina, the N.D.P.C. candidate for the U.S. Senate gained 127,000 votes in a three-way race, coming in second, with 15 percent, after Governor James Hunt. In Oregon, the N.D.P.C. candidate for the U.S. Senate gained 24 percent in a two-way race. In the Pennsylvania Congressional primaries, N.D.P.C. candidates contested twelve seats, receiving impressive percentages in five. The highest N.D.P.C. scorer in Pennsylvania, in the Seventeenth C. D., received 46 percent in a two-way race. In California, the N.D.P.C. candidate in the Forty-fifth C. D. received 49 percent in a two-way race. In Michigan, the N.D.P.C. candidate in the Fourth C. D. won 26 percent of the vote, coming in second in a three-way race. Also in Michigan, the N.D.P.C. candidate in the Ninth C. D. won 33 percent in a two-way race. In Georgia, in the August 14 primary, the N.D.P.C. candidate in the Sixth C. D., an airline pilot, won 24 percent in a four-way race, coming in second and thus gaining another chance at the front-runner. In the September runoff, this N.D.P.C. candidate received 17,000 votes—34 percent of the total.

BUT SUCH SHOWINGS (and there are more in other states) are not the full picture. Emphasizing a tactic of working from the bottom up, the N.D.P.C. claims to have captured this year over 200 Democratic county committee seats in California, Illinois, Florida, Massachusetts, and other states. In suburban counties around Chicago they collected 57 seats, and their candidate for Will County auditor won the Democratic nomination with more than a 3,000-vote margin over the regular Democratic candidate. Most of the county committee victories were gained by picking uncontested seats, but the fact remains: the N.D.P.C. had candidates ready to run, no one else did.

The LaRouchians claim that the N.D.P.C. has 26,000 members in over forty-three states. Although veteran LaRouche watchers say this is an exaggeration, reports filed with the Federal Election Commission by the N.D.P.C. and by LaRouche's 1984 campaign committee list a wide range of Americans from influential walks of life who have been willing to contribute money. In the past year, LaRouche's primary and general election campaign committees (apart from the N.D.P.C.) have raised almost $2 million in contributions and over $3 million in loans, qualifying for $488,396 in federal matching funds. With this money, as well as with funds from business fronts and other sources, LaRouche has been able to purchase at least fourteen half-hour spots on national television networks (and a vast number of local TV and radio spots) to promote Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative and denounce both Walter Mondale and the alleged Kissinger conspiracy. Through these television "fireside chats," LaRouche has become known, however fleetingly, to millions of Americans who had never heard of him before this year. Close observers believe that the total spending of his political and propaganda apparatus in 1984 may top $15 million.

THE TRIAL of LaRouche's $150 million libel suit against NBC and the Anti-Defamation League began in Federal District Court in Alexandria, Virginia, on October 22. From its inception last winter, the suit has been an embarrassment to LaRouche's followers and to their contacts in the Reagan Administration. In pretrial discovery, the LaRouchians had to reveal a number of facts about their dealings with the Administration—and also about their parallel dealings with elements of the Ku Klux Klan. As the trial approached, LaRouche's attorneys submitted a list of witnesses they might call, and included the names of Norman Bailey, Richard Morris, and a former C.I.A. deputy director, Ray Cline. On the second day of the trial, Morris—the right-hand man to William Clark—took the stand and, in his response to questions about LaRouche's dealings with the N.S.C., avoided giving any impression that the Administration's response to LaRouche had been negative. That same evening, LaRouche appeared on CBS TV to lambast Walter Mondale as an alleged Soviet agent in a half-hour paid political speech. This sequence of events was an interesting prelude to the testimony of Pat Lynch, who spent four days on the stand describing LaRouche's extremism and his links to a number of Administration and Republican figures.

As LaRouche himself takes the stand, every day brings fresh examples of the fanaticism he and his followers represent. It should be clear that they are a poisonous force in American politics. The time has come for the White House to end the cynical philosophy of "use" that has allowed LaRouche to flourish on the outskirts of this Administration. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Sex, etc.

"Of all the directors with whom I have worked, Maurice Pialat is undoubtedly the one who most respects the reality of things." So wrote Nestor Almendros in his recent book, *A Man with a Camera*, thus making the reader grateful that Almendros photographs more illuminatingly than he writes. If the statement were true, where would it leave Rohmer and Truffaut, some of whose best films—most "real" films—were shot by Almendros? The two previous Pialat films I've seen, neither made with Almendros, did little to substantiate whatever muzzy idea may be lurking in the quotation. The latest Pialat, however, photographed by Jacques Loiseleux, provides more than a hint of what Almendros was fumbling at.

A Nos Amours
(Triumph Films)

The Razor's Edge
(Columbia)

A Nos Amours, written by Pialat and Arlette Langman, begins discouragingly. An attractive 15-year-old girl, Sandrine Bonnaire, is rehearsing a play at a summer camp in southern France. (The play isn't identified, presumably on the assumption that a French audience will recognize it. Its title has significance for the film—*No Trifling with Love* by Musset.) She steals away from camp to meet her boyfriend in a nearby tent, and our interest begins to steal away from the film. Are we in for one more idyll of adolescent awakening?

Matters soon take a different turn. She declines sex with her boyfriend whom she apparently likes, and shortly after she gives herself to an American boy whom she has just met and whom she never meets again after her initiation. This difference, from the hushed-purity initiation in most tales of adolescent bloom, makes us want to follow her back to Paris to learn more.

What we see can't be called explanation in a clinical sense; it's more a dramatization of the forces that are hassling her. Her father, a Polish-born furrier, is a man who does his best to be wise and patient, while he runs his business at one end of their large apartment. Her mother is devoted but is addicted to hysteria. Her brother, a beginning playwright of some talent, is pudgy and effeminate except when he is forced to take on the paterfamilias role (later) and overdoes it. The family seems to expect fierce quarrels as part of the daily diet, quarrels that usually center on the daughter's behavior. At last the father, played by the bearded Pialat himself, says he can't take any more and moves out. The remaining three continue to have their daily quarrel or two, about the daughter still.

Her behavior, which is the source of the quarrels, is a kind of gonadic mimesis of the usual fragrant story of first loves. Bonnaire discovers not only that she likes sex but that she feels safest when she is having sex. She proceeds to have quite a lot of it, with minimal discrimination about partners. The quarrels continue at home. Without overt analysis, we can see that she has learned to distrust affection; but she feels she can rely on pleasure. Rather arbitrarily she marries one of the boys, and when there is a family feast, the father suddenly reappears, intent on selling the apartment. The worst quarrel follows.

Not long after her marriage, she goes off to America with another man. Her father accompanies her on the bus to the airport, and from their long, warm conversation, we are to infer not only their love for each other persisting under the angers but his sense of responsibility and his heartache for her future.

If Pialat's film were as lucid as this sketch, it would be stronger. It would still be somewhat assumptive, one more entry in the Parents Are to Blame for *Everything* Department. But it would have a more realized view of one aspect of youthful behavior. As is, the audience is expected to credit the film with greater wisdom and insight than it earns.

This is signally true of Pialat's own performance. Aren't a beard and some sighs and pauses enough to convey depth? Answer: no. As the estrous daughter, Bonnaire is sufficiently appealing and humorous to keep her from being pathological. Still, though we believe her actions, she is too shallow an actress to convince us that the family forces are forcing her to do them. Dominique Besnehard, the brother, gives a performance that is skillfully ineffectual. But the most memorable acting is done by the mother, Evelyne Ker, who zooms to near-lunacy in her anger and subsides to conventional behavior with tacit confidence in her family's understanding. We're told that some of the quarrel scenes were improvised, in which case Pialat is to be congratulated for his license and Ker for her use of it. Yet the quarrels are so strong that they overbalance the rest of the film, which is supposed to be about the effect of the quarrels on the daughter. Perhaps

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Bizet's Carmen. Julia Migenes-Johnson is sensational (two senses), the two leading men sing well, and Francesco Rosi directs excitingly. The best "orthodox" film of an opera that I know. (Reviewed 9/17&24/84)

Comfort and Joy. Bill Forsyth, the Glasgow delight, tells another casual, captivating story about his city. This one is about a disc jockey serving as peacemaker between two warring groups of ice cream vendors. Grrrrand. (11/12/84)

A Soldier's Story. A black army captain investigates a black sergeant's murder, Louisiana, 1944. Something like a deft modern version of a 1950s liberal film. Welcome. (10/15/84)

Stranger than Paradise. Three laid-back young people taking life as it comes, in dingy apartments and motels. Intelligent, witty, dry, done with perfect tempo and balance. (10/29/84)

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those quarrels are samples of the respect for reality that Almendros praises in Pialat; perhaps that kind of reality intoxicates the director a bit.

A few fragments of value can be extricated from the disaster of *The Razor's Edge*. It's easy to see why people wanted to remake Somerset Maugham's smoothie novel about a spiritual pilgrimage that winds its way through a mountain monastery in Tibet. Last night on Broadway I saw a parked truck, the side doors folded back, the interior decorated like a Buddhist shrine, with much chanting of "Hare krishna" on an amplifier. But why Bill Murray should have been chosen for the pilgrim role passeth understanding. Busting ghosts is not quite the same as seeking spirits.

Comparisons with the novel or with the 1946 film starring Tyrone Power are pointless. The present script retains something of the story of a young Chicagoan whose experiences in the First World War rip him out of his predictable family-and-fortune future, and send him to search for truth. In this story, two women figure, friends of his youth, and the acting of these two roles is all that makes this picture notable. Catherine Hicks, a kewpie-doll ninny in *Garbo Talks*, gives ample substance to the young woman who loves the hero and who goes on loving him secretly even after, in self-defense, she marries someone else. It's hardly a complex character, but Hicks invests every corner with desperations of love and self-protection. Theresa Russell, whom I first admired in *The Last Tycoon* and *Straight Time*, has the showiest part and makes it more than show. She loses her husband and child in a car crash, becomes an alcoholic, moves to Paris and sinks into the gutter, from which the hero tries to lift her. See the way Russell takes a stock film scene—learning in her hospital bed that her family was killed in the crash that injured her—and charges it with conviction. She rejects the clichés with which such a scene is encrusted and draws from fresh sources of experience and observation—electrified by talent.

John Byrum, who directed most of the film as if imitating the original director, Edmund Goulding, must at least be saluted for his work with Hicks and Russell.

AFTER THE GREAT SOCIETY

Losing Ground: American Social Policy, 1950-1980
by Charles Murray

(Basic Books, 323 pp., $23.95)

The New American Poverty
by Michael Harrington

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 320 pp., $17.95)

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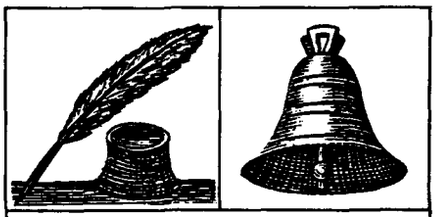
Michael Harrington's book is explicitly a sequel to *The Other America*, which might just be the most influential piece of American journalism since World War II (Watergate didn't affect government policy nearly as much). It is unfailingly decent, gentle, humane, and caring. Harrington's dues are paid in full and then some, and he makes no secret of this; he peppers his writing with allusions to his thirty years of



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tireless social and political work. Naturally he finds much cause for despair in the United States in the mid-1980s: festering ghettos, shattered industrial towns, homeless thousands living in the streets of New York, illegal aliens working in sweatshops, the Reagan Administration dismantling social programs—and, worst of all, the general public apparently approving. It is hard to think of anyone who has earned a respectful hearing on these matters as much as Harrington.

He sees the younger generation of conservative critics of poverty programs (how could he not?) as sharp-penciled smarties to whom the miseries of being poor are pure abstraction. One of these, in fact, is Charles Murray, whom Harrington discusses at some length, as Murray also discusses Harrington. Introducing Murray's views, Harrington sums them up (accurately) in this way: "Yes, there is an underclass, and Michael Harrington and his friends helped create it." It seems the height of effrontery to make such a charge. But Murray's book, relentlessly logical and well-documented, should convince any serious reader that it must at least be squarely faced. It is the great failing of Harrington's book that it never really does so.

MURRAY'S general argument will be familiar to anyone who has loosely followed the intellectual wars over poverty during the last decade. Those who have kept up closely will recognize almost every shred of evidence; this is not a work of original research. It is instead a marshaling of a vast ragged mass of material into a single, orderly flow, in service of the view that the social programs of the Great Society and its aftermath, through their "unintended consequences," hurt the poor rather than helped them. If you don't already believe this, it will sound facile—it always does when Reagan talks blithely about doing welfare mothers a favor by kicking them off the rolls. By the end of *Losing Ground*, though, Murray has earned it the right to a real refutation, rather than dismissal with the wave of a hand.

The heart of the book, the best and the most devastating part, is a long compilation of data meant to prove that the poor have done worse as government programs aimed at them have flowered. It is especially uncomfortable reading because the case is made by comparing blacks to whites. Murray says, somewhat disingenuously, that he is just using blacks as the best available statistical stand-in for the poor; anyway, what he paints is a picture of a sickening slide downward by the three-fourths of black America that is not middle class.

THE DECLINE in the number of black poor that was taken in 1970 as evidence of the Great Society's success really correlates with G.N.P. growth, Murray argues, not with antipoverty spending; most of it occurred before the boom in social programs. Now black poverty is rising again. Unemployment among young blacks has soared since almost exactly the moment that the Great Society began. During that time, participation in the labor force has consistently gone up among whites and down among blacks, even though blacks who did work saw their income go up faster than whites. Although there have been huge efforts to equalize the educations of the races, the gap between their levels of educational achievement has only widened; more than 70 percent of blacks scored below 400 on the verbal and math SATs in 1980.

Black violent crime soared in the late 1960s and early 1970s. The percentage of black babies born to single women went from 17 in 1950 to 55 in 1980. During the same period the percentage of black families in husband-wife households dropped from 78 to 59. Murray goes through a convincing exercise proving that someone projecting these trends in 1966 based on information then available could not possibly have predicted results this grim. "If an impartial observer from another country were shown the data on the black lower class from 1950 to 1980 but given no information about contemporaneous changes in society or public policy," he writes in another place, "that observer would infer that racial discrimination against the black poor increased dramatically during the late 1960s and 1970s."

Probably someone somewhere is willing to come forth with that argument, but it is difficult to imagine that it would convince anyone. Racism has been the worst, most tragic strain in American life, and it still is; but it and the fate of the black poor since the mid-'60s simply don't match up. Racism can't be the explanation of what happened. What one hears more often from the left are two arguments: first, that external forces, economic (high unemployment) and cultural (racism), caused the problem, so it's unfair to blame the victim, in William Ryan's phrase (Murray bluntly characterizes this sentiment as "it's not your fault"); and second, that further increases in social spending will heal the ghettos.

HARRINGTON makes both these points, in a perfunctory and unpersuasive way. He rests his case that the War on Poverty never really happened on the worst possible example: he says the Office of Economic Opportunity should have been funded at a level of $40 billion a year to have a fair chance, which is not a statistic that will convert a single skeptic. He tries over and over to place the blame for conditions in the ghettos away from the ghettos themselves. He says that poor blacks lack the "cultural values" to succeed in America, and that "to the very limited extent that there are some few who prefer a government check to menial work, they are simply being good and obedient Americans" because the brainwashing media have stigmatized manual labor. He explains the high black crime rate by saying "black America has had violence thrust upon it." He attributes the low labor force participation by young blacks to a disability program introduced in the 1950s that became an attractive alternative to working for poor people (which, it seems to me, only supports Murray's thesis). He comes close to saying that even if Murray's data is true, it's better simply left unpublished: "I do not think there is any racist intention behind this analysis, even though it could have a pernicious impact upon the black struggle in America."

No doubt all of this is true. No doubt that racists will love Murray's book. So what? When millions of people are suffering, it seems irresponsible for the left to expend its intellectual energies on these blame-shifting exercises, no matter how pure the motives behind them. There is finally in Harrington's discussions of the ghettos the feeling of explaining something away.

Murray agrees with Harrington about poor blacks' cultural values, but he would say it as a condemnation and not an excuse. By temperament he is a pure neoconservative; he

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does not wax rapturous about the marketplace in the manner of George Gilder, and he has a soft spot for the blue-collar union man (one of the few times he slips out of his purely logical mode is to assume the neoconservative pose of defender of the values of the guys in the corner bar against those of the radical chic elitists). When he begins to offer explanations for his grim procession of statistics—and from this point forward, *Losing Ground* becomes far less convincing; Murray's data are much stronger than his theories—those explanations are social more than economic. They proceed from the conviction that it's-a-tough-world-out-there that is at the heart of neoconservatism. He is absolutely comfortable with the distinction, popular in the nineteenth century, between the deserving and the undeserving poor. Of course, he says, given a way to avoid working, people won't work. Of course, if more violent criminals go free, there will be more violent crime. Of course, if standards of performance are lowered for some people, those people will respond by reducing their effort. Of course, a society that ceases to glorify bourgeois values will see those values decline.

The precise social-scientific form that these attitudes take is the explanation of how any program designed to alleviate a social ill must, inevitably and always, create incentives for that ill to proliferate. If being poor is the qualification for a government benefit, then we are rewarding people for becoming poor. Others, notably Gilder, Milton Friedman, and Martin Anderson, have made this point in the past, and Murray does the turn well. Then he does what these others have not had the nerve to: he takes the argument to its inescapable conclusion and ends the book calling for the complete abolition of all social programs except unemployment insurance. He says that most poor people would then get jobs, that most of the rest would depend on private charity, and that on the whole poor people would be better off, but his level of forced cheeriness about this new system is not high. "I am proposing triage of a sort, triage by self-selection," he says, which is hardly gilding the lily.

In effect he would not only repeal the Great Society, and not only repeal the New Deal, and not only go back to the nineteenth century—he would do all that, which liberals are always accusing conservatives of wanting to do, and

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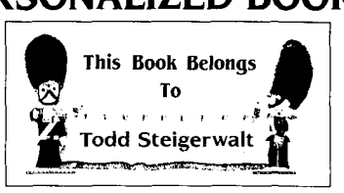

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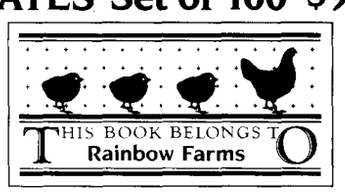

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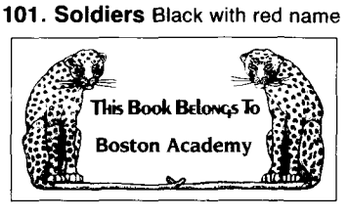

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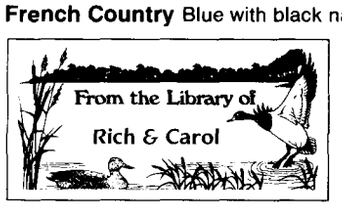

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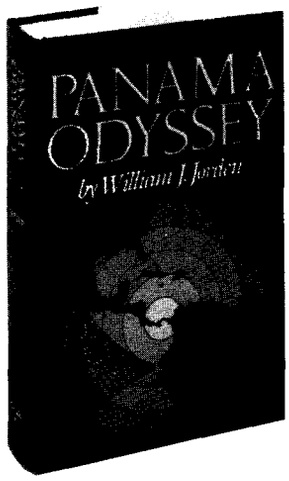

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then some. As near as I can tell he would go back to before the sixteenth century, when the poorhouse was invented. This takes some courage, because it makes it so easy for him to be dismissed as a nut. ("Sure Murray criticizes the welfare system—he wants to throw the poor out in the streets!") But his is a vision that coheres, as the left's on this subject doesn't any more.

HARRINGTON does exactly the opposite: he shies away at the end of his book from the obvious point to which his views lead. He is probably the best known avowed Socialist in the country, and his explanation of American poverty is that it is a by-product of capitalism. But his prescriptions—full employment and some mild form of government economic planning—are centrist- (not even left-) Democratic, and after he presents them he declares pointedly, "All of this does not add up to socialism." Surely he doesn't really think such measures will solve problems he sees as so deep-seated; he seems to be putting them forward after having decided to give the folks something easy to swallow as the opening wedge to the changes that are truly required.

The most optimistic liberal can no longer believe that Harrington's answers would bring an end to the deterioration of the ghettos. (Murray makes a convincing case that the deterioration was worst when we were as close to full employment as we have ever been.) If you meet an unemployed steelworker, you will see that he is suffering terribly, and that he may never recover; but you will also feel certain that his children will not be poor. The same is true of a bankrupt farmer and even of an illegal alien, and so in all those cases the liberal urge to help through government seems untroubling. But if you meet a welfare mother in a housing project, you can't help feeling that almost no matter what happens, her children will be poor, too.

This is the problem that liberals must address; Murray's book in effect throws down the gauntlet to them. The standard responses (most of which Murray neatly sets up and demolishes) won't do, because they don't offer real hope of a solution. Intellectually, the way to new ones is not completely dim. It begins with the supposition that the idea that government should give money to poor people is basically a good and moral one; on the other hand, the complete cutoff Murray proposes is unimaginable. The next step is to question the immutability of the law of incentives, and there is much evidence with which to do so. Why, if a welfare state must create an underclass, doesn't every industrial nation have the same sad story that Murray tells about ours? Why has black illegitimacy waxed greatly and then begun to wane during the past decade, when welfare payments stayed essentially flat? Why do the social pathologies of the ghetto exist so strongly in states where welfare pays much less than working, as well as in those where it pays slightly more? Farm programs entice Iowans to become farmers and unemployment insurance supports a whole community of aspiring actors in New York—why hasn't broad social decay afflicted those subcultures?

THEN liberals have to begin to develop an understanding of the ghettos that might lead to answers more palatable than Murray's. This requires facing squarely lax law enforcement and educational standards and the other uncomfortable cultural issues that Murray discusses. And it also requires curiosity—a desire to argue forward from reality instead of backward from already held positions. There is now some reluctance to do this because of the idea that the whole house of cards—the idea of a welfare state—could fall in the process.

But that's extremely unlikely. The tough political problems of liberalism have to do with money and constituencies, and really not the poor: as Harrington and Murray both point out, government and social spending on the poor is a much smaller part of the federal budget than most people think (because the lion's share of social spending goes to the elderly). For three years there has been an unbreakable consensus in Congress against further cutting programs aimed at the poor; given that the cost of these programs is far smaller than the deficit, it's unlikely that a conservative ground swell for having another go at them will emerge. During the campaign Walter Mondale didn't often call for more spending on the poor, and Reagan didn't call for less. Mondale's soul-of-the-party fight with Gary Hart wasn't about the poor either. Politics has been factored out of the issue of poverty to some extent. So it is possible

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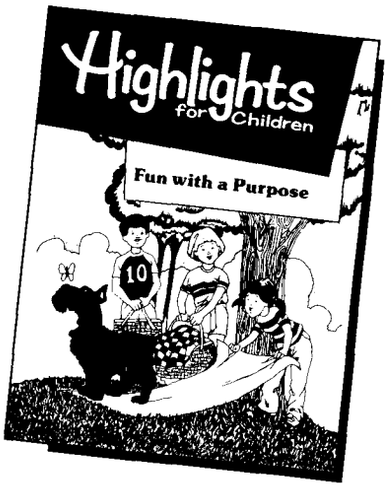

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to address the questions Murray raises by focusing almost entirely on what would help the most, without worrying about political practicalities.

But to begin this process requires first admitting how bad life in the ghettos really is, and how little real likelihood there is that what's in the Democratic platform would make it much better. Restoring budget cuts would help many people who are in need, but it wouldn't stop the drug addiction and the teenage pregnancies and the murders. There has to be something else to cure the problems of this miserable world, something pure heartfelt sympathy alone hasn't led us to so far and most likely never will.

NICHOLAS LEMANN

Nicholas Lemann is a national correspondent for the *Atlantic Monthly*.

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by George Steiner

(Oxford University Press, 316 pp., $29.95)

The slightly jarring title of George Steiner's book, a plural form which is not Greek and does not really sound like English either, was chosen, I suspect, with monitory intent: let no one assume that the author proposes a stroll down such familiar academic lanes as "The influence of *Antigone*," "Some versions of *Antigone*," or "The Antigone theme," where he would be following in the footsteps of scholars who, as he points out in his preface, have published as recently as 1974 and 1977. He is dealing not with imitations or reflections of the great original, but with Antigones that stand solid in their own right, with "some of the most radically transformative interpretations and 're-experiencings' ever elicited by a literary text."

These "re-experiencings" are not the contribution of classical scholars; their concerns are the establishment and elucidation of the Greek text in the light of what knowledge they can attain of the play's historical background, its intellectual and religious context, and its relation to the work of predecessors and contemporaries. They impose "constraints," as Steiner puts it, on interpretation; they seek, that is, "to determine the limits of possibility within which an Attic mentality of the Periclean age may reasonably be supposed to have operated." While admitting the validity of such constraints in matters of ascertainable fact ("actual objects and practices"), Steiner points out that major poets are innovators in language and sensibility, and that the drama has been time and again the "testing-ground of lost or future potentials of human utterance and behavior." In fact, as he justly asserts, "the reading of a classical text" can "press on us a claim of seeming immediacy"; it can "foreshadow . . . symbolize . . .speak nakedly to our present condition." The "afterlife of Hellas" consisted of "successive compulsions of identification between ancient and modern"; he cites Ciceronian Atticism, the neoclassicism of the ancien régime, the "Sparta" of the French Revolution, Victorian Hellenism, and "Matthew Arnold's observation that Marathon and Salamis were more actual to the governing culture of nineteenth-century England than was the Battle of Hastings."

Such "foreshortenings and claims to relevance" have "taken on peculiar force" in modern times. Philosophy, anthropology, and psychoanalysis have turned back to Greek sources to "make of the archaic the raw material and substance of the continuities of the human psyche," and the relevance of Euripides's *Trojan Women* and *Bacchae* for the turbulence of our times needs no emphasis. In all these foreshortenings the classical scholar is conscious of exaggeration, misunderstanding, even deliberate distortion of the original text. For the literary critic, however, justification lies in Walter Benjamin's "hermeneutic conceit" that "there is that in an ancient text which awaits our discovery, that vital texts perform a millennial pilgrimage towards recognition and interpretation yet to come. . . ." The original, says Steiner, is not injured in such a process of discovery:

> . . . the integral authority of the classic is such that it can absorb without loss of identity the millennial incursions upon it, the accretions to it, of commentary, of translation, of enacted variation. *Ulysses* reinforces Homer; Broch's *Death of Virgil* enriches the *Aeneid*. Sophocles's *Antigone* will not suffer from Lacan.

That Sophocles's *Antigone* will not suffer from Lacan is something about which I have no doubt whatever—for the simple reason that Lacan is unreadable even now and will be forgotten tomorrow. But the other two cases are impressive examples of works which have "tested the strength of their being" against that of their source. They are among the very few which have survived to "become that enigmatic but undeniable phenomenon, an echo that has life." It is with such echoes that Steiner's book is concerned.

Though adaptations of Sophocles's plot or characters abound in European literature after the first printing of the Greek text (Venice 1502), it was in the years from 1790 to about 1905 (when "under pressure of Freudian reference, critical interpretative focus . . . shifted to the *Oedipus Tyrannus*") that poets, philosophers, and scholars came to regard the *Antigone* not only as the finest Greek tragedy but also as "a work of art nearer to perfection than any other produced by the human spirit."

STEINER'S first chapter is devoted to the Antigones of Hegel, Goethe, Kierkegaard, and Hölderlin. Hegel's reading of the *Antigone* is of course a familiar landmark in the critical literature; Steiner can even speak, justly, of its "notoriety." Both Antigone and Creon are one-sided; both have justice on their side, both act unjustly. "Familial love, the holy, the inward, belonging to inner feeling and therefore known also as the law of the nether gods, collides with the right of the state." It follows that Creon "is not a tyrant, but actually an ethical power. Creon is not in the wrong." Steiner points out that though this passage from the *Lectures on*

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the Philosophy of Religion may have been Hegel's last word on the subject, it was not his first.

In the unpublished early writings and in the *Phenomenology*, Steiner finds the elements of a different interpretation, a "profoundly original, delicate exegesis. Its focus is Antigone, not Creon, and she is cited as an example of those immaculate, celestial types or presences who preserve within their differences and divisions of self the never-deconsecrated innocence and integrity of their being. . . . Such men and women simply *are*. . . ." Hegel is not a lucid writer; his prose, as Steiner himself says, "does offer difficulties of a peculiar sort." His own exploration of the philosopher's appropriation of Antigone is not easy reading either, but it is brilliantly successful in its attempt "to follow the life of a major text within a major text and the metamorphic exchanges of meaning which this internality brings about."

THE ANTIGONE of Kierkegaard is just as complicated, for the "Antigone excursus" in the first part of his *Either/Or* is not only an evocation of the "inmost guises of his being," it is also "embedded in . . . the ironic-reflexive dialectic of hypothetical proposals and self-negations which is Kierkegaard's chosen mode of communication." In any case, Kierkegaard breaks precedent by his radical reshaping of the Sophoclean play; this is not, in form at least, an interpretation of *Antigone* but, to use Steiner's term, a "fantastication," an appropriation of the Sophoclean character for the exploration of Kierkegaard's own tortured conscience. "Some of us," wrote Shelley, "have in a prior existence been in love with an Antigone . . ." but Kierkegaard claimed even closer intimacy. "She is my creation, her thoughts are my thoughts, and yet it is as if I had rested with her in a night of love, as if she had entrusted me with her deep secret. . . ."

In Kierkegaard's scenario Antigone alone knows that Oedipus was Jocasta's son, and now that he is dead her resolve to keep that secret forever alienates her from the world and even from the man she loves, from whom, as the keeper of the secret, she would be withholding "the very essence of her spirit." Steiner's brilliant analysis of this Romantic fable exposes its connections not only to Kierkegaard's own anxieties and problems—the secret of his father's guilt, his own abandonment of the woman he loved—but also to a wider concern of nineteenth-century intellectual man: fear of loss of individuality, of "that singular presentness without which there can be no integrity" before the inroads of a "clamorous mass culture." One defense might be "the custody of a secret, a secret grave and spacious enough to guard the soul against dispersal."

OF THE FOUR cardinal Antigones of the nineteenth century only one, Hölderlin's, was a translation of the Sophoclean play, but it was in some ways the strangest of them all. To Goethe and Schiller, Hölderlin's versions of *Oedipus* and *Antigone* were "palpable evidence of mental collapse"; it was not until the twentieth century that their real worth was recognized, not only by Heidegger but also by Hellenists as eminent as Reinhardt and Schadewalt. Steiner points out its importance in the literary theory of Walter Benjamin (whose "indispensable essay of 1923 on the nature and limits of all translation is an excursus on Hölderlin's Pindar and Sophocles") and the "exemplary function" assigned to it by those students of poetics and of language most in sympathy with Lacan and Derrida. He speaks with authority here; the author of *After Babel* has, as he puts it in his prefatory remarks to the discussion of the Greek text in his third chapter, directed most of his "work and personal life to the study and exposition of the history, of the poetics, of the philosophic-linguistic aspects of translation." His extended discussion of this text is one of the most impressive passages in this intellectually demanding but rewarding book.

Hölderlin's early translations reflect the ideal of Schiller—to produce versions that are faithful to the Greek but also free, phrased, that is, "in idiom, cadence, and rhetorical conventions . . . natural to the native tongue." In his *Antigone*, however, a different approach is visible—"an intransigent literalism," which results in an "Atticization" of German, a "dislocation of sentence structures, clause dependencies, participial agreements." (Schadewaldt, comparing a typical passage with five other versions, remarks on the paradoxical fact that the result of the "new, audacious demands he makes on the arrangement of German words and

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MICHAEL WALZER

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clauses, is—a much greater clarity of expression.") But the really revolutionary feature of the work is Hölderlin's conviction, developed by Steiner from cryptic formulations in an 1803 letter from Hölderlin to his publisher, that "latent in the original text are certain truths . . . which are unrealized when it appears in its original embodiment." It is the "translator's" sacred task to call into life "these in-dwelling but hitherto unfulfilled latencies, to 'surpass' the original text in the exact spirit of the text."

PARADOXICALLY, however, what the translator strives to elicit from the text is not those meanings which have over the passage of centuries become apparent with the changes brought about by time, but older layers of thought and feeling that lay behind Sophocles's consciousness—"the Apollonian-passion foundations . . ." constrained within "the Junionian-sober . . . self control." These almost mantic formulas, from Hölderlin's letter to Böhlendorff dated December 1803, are interpreted by Steiner as a program for a return to the "occult source," to "those fonts of tragic meaning and of tragic gesture which Sophocles's continence, Sophocles's Periclean addiction to temperance, had, to some degree, stifled." As Steiner says, Nietzsche's "famous dichotomy of Dionysian and Apollonian" has its origin here; clearly recognizable also is the twentieth century's return to the "occult source," the search for the roots of fifth-century Athenian civilization in tribal cult and ritual. The opposing forces, Apollonian and Junionian, passion and self-control, are embodied in Antigone and Creon. Both are "radically religious," but their relation to God or gods is different, for Antigone is the *antitheos*, one who, in Steiner's translation of Hölderlin's words, "comports himself as if *against* God, in a *godly sense*." She is a "holy fool," the "holy sinner" of Dostoevsky. But the conflict is not confined to the religious sphere. "The letter of the law (Creon) is challenged by the primal spirit and nascent future of the law (Antigone)." Hegel's antitheses are transformed.

This first chapter, which reaches its high point in the exposition of Hölderlin's "esoteric doctrine," is only one third of this dense and at times difficult book. The second chapter provides a variation of pace: the concentration on four immensely influential nineteenth-century figures is followed by a wide-ranging analysis of Antigones from Robert Garnier's in 1580 to Athol Fugard's *The Island*, staged in 1973, as Steiner considers what subsequent poets and dramatists have made of the Sophoclean prototypes. The focus is no longer steadily on Antigone; Ismene, Haemon, the chorus and, last and at most length, Creon are seen through the eyes of such well-known writers on the theme as Racine, Gide, Brecht, Heidegger, and Anouilh as well as many less familiar (and some surprising) figures such as Maurras, Döblin (in *November 1918*), Conor Cruise O'Brien (in a lecture at Belfast), Gheon, and, of all people, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who wrote an opera libretto *Der Tod der Antigone*.

RICH AS the material is, it is still "only a small sample." No record of "the matter of Antigone," as Steiner says, can hope to be complete. But it is vast enough to justify the question Steiner raises at the beginning of the chapter:

> Why is it that Antigone—together with a handful of other figures—Orpheus, Prometheus, Heracles, Agamemnon and his pack, Oedipus, Odysseus, Medea—should constitute the essential code of canonic reference for intellect and sensibility across Western civilization? Why a hundred 'Antigones' after Sophocles?

The primacy of Greek myth in the Western imagination, and the dominance of Greek philosophical concepts in Western thought, are partly explicable, of course, in historical terms—the preservation of the classical heritage through Latin in the Middle Ages, its renewal with the discovery of Greek in the Renaissance. Steiner works forward from Heidegger's eloquent celebration of the Western consciousness as formed by "the successive 'experiencings' and interpretations by philosophers, poets, and translators of the Greek verb 'to be.' " From Heidegger's claim that

> it is, to a more or less conscious degree, from Greek grammar and from the vocabulary of Greek philosophic and lyric expression that we continue to derive the marks of our communal and personal identity in the West,

Steiner moves toward his own highly metaphysical, almost mystical vision of the " 'initial' and determinant" Greek myths as "*myths in and of language*."

"We are all Greeks," said Shelley. "Our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts, have their roots in Greece." But Steiner cites Shelley's first four words in a "fundamental sense." The basic operations of our thought and speech are Greek; "to articulate experience grammatically, to relate discourse and meaning as we do, is to 'be Greek,' " for our very conceptions of grammar, of the possibilities inherent in speech, are "organized along Greek lines. . . . So are the syntax of deduction and of inference, of proof and negation, which are the alphabet of rational thought." Steiner goes on to connect the basic work of language at the deepest level with the development of "certain key myths." There is a sense in which "Greek grammar and rhetoric internalize, formalize, certain mythical configurations." Thus primary myths which dramatize uncertainties of kinship can be associated with "the evolution of the grammar of cases; vestiges of this interaction can be made out in the very designation of the 'nominative'—consider the dramatic grammar of uncertain identity in the Oedipus theme, in Odysseus's syntactical ruse in the cave of the Cyclops. . . ." The "linguistic leap into unconstrained futurity" may have had its "informing counterpart in the Prometheus motif." Steiner reads in Narcissus "the long history of the first person singular" and in the related myth of Echo "can make out the archaic experiencing of the suggestive sterility of the synonymous."

WHATEVER else may be said of this theory (which, it should be borne in mind, is offered "in a preliminary, tentative form"), it lacks neither imagination nor originality. We are promised elaboration to come, and must reserve judgment for the appearance of the fully deployed argument. But it is proposed here as an explanation of the firm hold certain Greek myths still retain on the mind of the West and in particular as an answer to the question: "Why a hundred 'Antigones' after Sophocles?" And in the third chapter of his book, where Steiner turns to the Greek text of Sophocles's play, a very different answer to that question begins to take shape in the reader's mind.

There is much in this chapter to engage the attention of classical scholars. As Steiner reads back into the Sophoclean text some of the insights of later poets and thinkers, he is consistently stimulating and sometimes disturbing. One

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long passage, his discussion of the scenes of confrontation between Antigone and Creon, shows him at his best and also, it seems to me, bears on the problem he raised. These scenes he singles out as "the one literary text" that expresses "all the principal constants of conflict in the condition of man." They are: "the confrontation of men and of women; of age and youth; of society and individual; of the living and the dead; of men and of god(s)." These are not negotiable conflicts; they are permanent in human life. And, in Sophocles's play, "they are made manifest with a perfect economy and natural logic." Steiner's incisive analysis of the scenes along these lines more than justifies his description of them. But this surely is enough to explain the permanence of Antigone in our civilization, her relevance to Belfast and Capetown, to Paris and Berlin, as well as to explain why, to quote the last sentence of Steiner's challenging book, "new 'Antigones' are being imagined, thought, lived now; and will be tomorrow." This permanence has nothing to do with "myth." As Steiner himself has so forcefully demonstrated in his 45-page exegesis of these 140 lines of verse, the thematic richness which gives Antigone such a grip on our minds and emotions is the product of a "literary text." We are obsessed not by the myth of Antigone (whatever *that* may have been) but by the *Antigone* of Sophocles.

And the same distinction must be made for the other mythical figures of his list. If the Aeschylean *Prometheus Bound* had been lost, as its sequel was, the world would know Prometheus only as the trickster god of Hesiod, the Loki of the Olympians. What would Agamemnon mean to us without the *Iliad* and *Oresteia*? Oedipus without the two Sophoclean plays? Medea if we had only Pindar's fourth Pythian and Apollonius Rhodius's *Argonautica*? And how much does the spell Orpheus has cast on poets and musicians ever since antiquity owe to seventy-five lines of the Fourth Georgic, perhaps the most beautiful lines Virgil ever wrote? Steiner himself speaks of a "homecoming" to these myths "made compelling and endurable by the formality, by the narrative coherence, by the lyric and plastic comeliness with which the Greek spirit invested the uncanny and daemonic." But those qualities were the creation not of "the Greek spirit" but of the individual poets who made the canonical versions.

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THE PREMIUM PERK

Lloyd's of London
by Godfrey Hodgson

(Elisabeth Sifton Books/Viking, 378 pp., $17.95)

In most free market systems, access to large profits is restricted to those with large amounts of money to invest. In England, however, this has been taken a step further. The story of Lloyd's of London is an extraordinary tale of a major private British institution granted state-sanctioned insulation from the marketplace for the benefit of the country's economic elite. It is as if, in this country, the members of the Somerset Club in Boston, the Maryland Club in Baltimore, and the Metropolitan Clubs in Washington and New York were granted control of the nation's banking and insurance industries by a special act of the United States Congress.

In *Lloyd's of London*, Godfrey Hodgson, the prolific and well-known British journalist, has written an exhaustive history of this collective for the affluent. Although Hodgson appears to be of more than one mind about the privileged position of Lloyd's within the British commercial establishment, his book provides significant insight into the growth and development of the dominant global force in insurance underwriting.

At one level, Lloyd's is a case study

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of an extremely successful combination of upper-crust honor and a willingness to gamble on the unknown to produce massive profits. The venturesome, entrepreneurial spirit at Lloyd's is exemplified in its basic motto—there are no bad risks, just bad rates—and in moments of crisis such as that of the San Francisco earthquake of 1906, when Lloyd's affirmed a reputation for integrity with a telegram to its California agent: "Pay all our policy holders irrespective of the terms of their policies." At another level, however, Lloyd's of London is a case study of the symbiotic relationship between government and a private organization whose central function has been to preserve a beleaguered aristocracy and its wealth.

FROM its late seventeenth-century roots in Edward Lloyd's coffee house, Lloyd's emerged as a force in the insurance business in large part because of legislation first restricting the creation of any new competitive insurance firms, and then, a century later, through adoption by Parliament of a Lloyd's private bill. The legislation gave the overseeing Lloyd's "Committee" legal authority to select or reject members, and made it a crime against the state for any nonmember to sign a Lloyd's policy.

The close legal ties between Lloyd's and the British government were reinforced by the inclusion of many of the leading politicians as underwriting members—one recent estimate is that a fifth of the Conservative Members of Parliament are "Names" at Lloyd's (its term for investors). More importantly, Lloyd's, as the leading insurer of England's commercial fleet, had a common interest with the government in the expansion of the British Empire—creating new markets for the fleet—and in gaining detailed knowledge of enemy threats on the open sea. For Lloyd's, this knowledge was essential for the setting of profitable rates, and for the government, essential for the protection of the navy.

After World War II, when Labour took over the British government, the role of Lloyd's underwent a kind of inversion. Retaining its unique legislative protection, the firm became a haven for the wealthy from policies of high taxation. These protections were, in fact, instituted in large part by Sir Stafford Cripps, the Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1945 to 1951, who allowed investors to protect income from taxation by placing profits into reserves, and then permitting investors to claim paper losses on which tax rebates could be collected.

The system can be very complex, but Hodgson points out that some of the syndicates at Lloyd's purposely avoid showing any profit, with the result that in

> the summer of 1982, members of Lloyd's received handsome cheques from their agents representing investment income and capital appreciation on their Lloyd's assets. Then in January 1983 they got almost equally handsome cheques averaging some £5,000 apiece

from Her Majesty's Commissioners of Inland Revenue (from their tax-structured "losses"). In a brief aside, Hodgson notes that "the political symbolism of this unusual redistribution of wealth, in a country with more than 3 million people unemployed and many millions more suffering from savage cuts in public expenditure, is unfortunate to say the least."

THIS PROTECTION of wealth is both publicly sanctioned and built into the system of investing in Lloyd's. In order to become an investor, a prospect must "convince the Committee of Lloyd's that he or she was independently wealthy at the time to the tune of about £100,000 in unencumbered assets." This requirement has been lowered to £50,000, but it still means that participation as an underwriter at Lloyd's is restricted to the top 5 percent or less of the country's population, unlike, for example, the opportunity to invest in the stock market or to start up a business, each of which can be done with borrowed money, in far smaller amounts. In this way Lloyd's provides not only tax-protected income to the rich, but also a mechanism for the wealthy by which assets produce a form of double income: a "Name" continues to get dividend or rental incomes from his or her wealth in stock or property, which at the same time is separately earning income by backing insurance coverage sold by syndicates at Lloyds.

Over three centuries, the system at Lloyd's has been extremely profitable, producing by 1978 premium income of $4.1 billion a year and an estimated 70,000 jobs in the city of London. This record of success raises significant questions in the current debate over protectionism, since the protective hand of the British government has done much to insulate Lloyd's from the less trustworthy invisible hand of the marketplace.

IN RECENT YEARS, however, Lloyd's has run into a series of financial difficulties. Many of these difficulties have grown out of a series of scandals and attempts to defraud the insurance business, all of which Hodgson describes at length. These difficulties have also, however, grown out of the overwhelming insularity that encompasses Lloyd's.

In one of the major recent scandals, the *Savonita* affair, Malcolm Pearson, a Lloyd's broker, refused to fully press a client's claim for 301 cars lost during a fire aboard the ship *Savonita* when he discovered that the cars were being sold in the Italian marketplace under circumstances suggesting both insurance and tax fraud schemes. Lloyd's conducted an "official" inquiry into the allegations and produced a report which concluded that Pearson had acted irresponsibly, having failed to press his client's case. The report was unanimously denounced by the British press, whose fury was further provoked by the insistence on the part of Lloyd's that newspapers accept responsibility for any legal costs resulting from the report's publication.

In another recent scandal, the Sasse case, a Lloyd's underwriter was taken by a group of American specialists in insurance fraud. The result was that a group of the "Names" who had unwittingly put up the cash to finance the Sasse syndicate refused to pay up—in an unprecedented development which Hodgson aptly calls "a mutiny in First Class." The refusal to pay off a claim violated the basic rule of Lloyd's: that a Name puts his entire fortune on the line when a bad risk is part of the game. The refusal by the Names to pay almost provoked a legal and financial crisis, averted only by the eleventh-hour decision of the Lloyd's corporation to accept responsibility for nearly three-quarters of the $40 million in losses.

Hodgson contends that Lloyd's ran into trouble because

> as a sort of club, with the means of excluding those who refused to accept, even on the surface, a code of ethics, it was protected from the knowledge that standards of business behaviour everywhere were changing.

This assessment, however, doesn't go far enough, as Hodgson's own history

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of the business shows. A basic element of the insurance business since it began is the necessity to calculate the probability of successful fraud when determining rates. In shipping insurance, for example, the number of claims for losses is inversely proportional to the profitability of the industry: ships sink when they stop making money.

Instead, the financial problems emerging at Lloyd's appear to grow out of its inability, in international markets, to depend on the protective hand of the British government. In the competitive arena, the reputation of Lloyd's fell sharply when, faced with the prospect that American interests would buy up several Lloyd's brokerages, the Committee at Lloyd's announced rules in 1978 effectively prohibiting outside (i.e., American) interests from holding more than 20 percent of the stock of a Lloyd's brokerage.

In the same period, one of the major losses sustained by Lloyd's syndicates grew out of apparent ignorance of the workings of the contemporary marketplace. The syndicates insured a network of American computer-leasing firms, including many major banks, against what was, in retrospect, the inevitable: that leases would be canceled once I.B.M. came up with more sophisticated computers.

It is difficult to generalize from the example of a single firm, even one as large as Lloyd's, but the same government protection that provided Lloyd's with the ability to grow and dominate the insurance market over nearly three centuries now appears to have become a shackle on the entrepreneurial, competitive spirit. Major struggles at Lloyd's, from Hodgson's account, currently involve a continuing battle to keep all the benefits of the Lloyd's Act, while fending off all attempts at direct government regulation. At the same time, the goal of protecting wealth threatens to supersede decisions based on the marketplace. A basic motivation of Lloyd's underwriters has become not just the writing of policies at profitable rates, but the searching out of increasingly complex, and increasingly questionable, mechanisms to convert the insurance industry into a tax shelter for the Names, capitalizing not only on paper losses to earn rebates, but shifting capital into overseas "tax havens." This distortion of the decision-making process is exactly what leads to scandal, and also to major losses in the marketplace, to declining productivity, to the erosion by competition of a major economic institution.

THOMAS B. EDSALL

Thomas B. Edsall, a political and economic reporter for *The Washington Post*, is the author of the recently published *The New Politics of Inequality* (Norton).

MACHINES AND THEIR MASTERS

Forces of Production: A Social History of Machine Tool Automation by David F. Noble

(Knopf, 416 pp., $22.95)

David Noble begins his book with a remark allegedly made in 1946 by Charles E. "Electric Charlie" Wilson, in his time president of General Electric, vice-chairman of the War Production Board, chairman of the Office of Defense Mobilization: "The problems of the United States can be captiously [*sic*] summed up in two words: Russia abroad, labor at home." The source for Noble's quotation is a labor history published by the United Electrical Workers, a union whose politics might well have triggered so ill-tempered and indiscreet a remark—if Wilson ever made it. In any event, Noble presents these sentiments as representative of an irrationally Manichean American leadership, "haunted by nightmares of enemies without and within: of a world split in strife between

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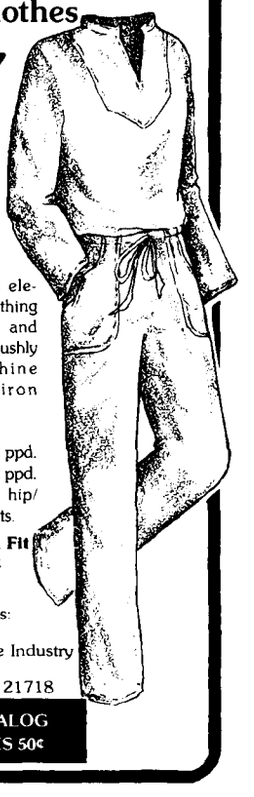
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two superpowers, of a humanity divided by the irrepressible antagonisms of capitalist production."

The irony (and misfortune) is that this book is itself an exercise in Manichean history. For Noble the world is essentially black and white, made up of good guys and bad. The good guys are the workers, especially the skilled mechanics whose art and experience permit them to do wonders, when they want to. The bad guys are the employers, who are always looking for ways to substitute capital for labor. They do this partly, but not necessarily, to reduce costs; their main purpose is to put down or spite their insubordinate workers. For the last two hundred years the focus of the conflict has been the introduction and use of machines, which are intended to perform tasks that once required special skills and can now be assigned to cheaper hands.

The workers, confronted by technologies that devalue their know-how and threaten their jobs, defend themselves by what was once called ca'canny, now euphemistically termed pacing—that is, slowdowns, adjustments, diversions, mistakes, and corrections designed to turn the most wonderous state-of-the-art equipment into semi-idle, expensive junk. Noble candidly offers some interesting examples of this antitechnological warfare, which he sees as legitimate resistance. The workers are simply fighting capitalist exploitation. He has no awareness of, much less sympathy for, the reactive response: he never asks why employers are ready to pay so much to replace recalcitrant employees. Capitalists, he assures us, just enjoy domination, preferring it even to capital.

Noble makes the point that just because scientists were engaged in intellectual activity did not make them clean. Many of them, especially the leadership, were henchmen of wealth and power, using the myth of altruistic dedication as a cover for their own selfish interests. In those immediate postwar years, according to Noble, the big issue was, who would run science—the scientists themselves, or the government, which Noble equates with the people. (He is less comfortable with this equation in other contexts.) In this vision, the creation of the National Science Foundation was the triumph of a few elite universities over the democratic many; the requirement of peer review (which most scientists would see as an indispensable guarantee of quality and freedom of research) was a rejection of democracy; and the scientists' insistence on financial and intellectual autonomy was a smoke screen for self-aggrandizement at public expense. The villains here were such academic administrator-entrepreneurs as Karl Compton, Vannevar Bush, Isaiah Bowman, James B. Conant, and Alan Waterman; the heroes, Harry Truman, Senator Harvey Kilgore, Maury Maverick. Maverick to Bowman: "I suggest that all scientists remember that there are other patriots in the world beside themselves and it would be a good idea to develop some social consciousness."

It is against this background of political and social conflict that Noble stages the battle of automation. After the war, the development of programmable machinery opened the way to doing the most complex tasks with little or no laying on of hands. That old negative utopia of science fiction—the robots of Karel Čapek's *R.U.R.* and spinning wheels of Chaplin's *Modern Times*—had entered the realm of feasibility. The conventional wisdom, Noble says, would have us believe that this development is inevitable and beneficent; for him, it is oppressive and exploitative, part of "the queer quest for a perfectly ordered universe." This "impoverished version of the Enlightenment notion of progress . . . has long served as a central legitimating prop for capitalism, lending to domination the sanction of destiny."

ONE MAJOR aim of this tract, then, is to discredit the American faith in technology (not so naïve as Noble seems to think). Another is to mobilize us to action, to urge us to take our fate into our own hands. Technology, Noble admonishes, "does not necessitate": it is a product of human ingenuity and social choices; "human thoughts and action remain decisive." A good point, one we may all take comfort from, although Noble would be the first to argue that human thoughts and actions can as easily lead us down the wrong path as the right.

So in the adoption of automated machinery: there was not one road to be taken, but two. One led to the use of numerical controls (N/C)—programs of instructions that take the machine through a complex sequence of motions and enable it to turn out, repeatedly and interchangeably, complex shapes to precise specifications beyond the reach of older, hand-guided tools. The other choice was a family of techniques that rely on worker experience and skill to set patterns that the machine can then repeat. In its highest form, this "record-playback" (R-P) method allows the machine to register every motion of the worker and his tool and then copy them. The technique is analogous to that of making rolls for the player piano, and Noble makes much of Kurt Vonnegut's novel of that name as a lament for the loss of old skills and the alienation of master craftsmen.

For Noble, however, unlike Vonne-

PORTOLA VALLEY

A dense ravine, no inch
of which was level until
some architect niched in this
shimmer of partition, fishpond
and flowerbed, these fording-
stones' unwalled steep staircase
down to where (speak softly) you
take off your shoes, step onto
guest-house tatami matting,
learn to be Japanese.

There will be red wine,
artichokes, and California
politics for dinner; a mocking-
bird may whisper, a frog rasp
and go kerplunk, the shifting
inlay of goldfish in the court-
yard floor add to your vertigo;
and deer look in, the velvet
thrust of pansy faces and vast
violet-petal ears, inquiring,
stun you without a blow.

AMY CLAMPITT

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gut, the record-playback method had virtues that rendered it technically, socially, and morally superior to numerical control. It was cheaper; and because the program instructions were worked out in the doing, rather than on large computers, they could be easily amended right on the job. The system was thus much better suited to those small- and middling-size shops that constitute the majority of machine enterprises and typically turn out short runs of a large variety of objects. Equally important, record-playback maintained reliance on the people running the machines. It would not change the power relations within the shop; hence what British historians have called the labor aristocracy would continue to rule.

Numerical control also requires skilled workers, but these are different people—programmers rather than mechanics, white-collar rather than blue-collar. The locus of skill and knowledge would shift from shop to office, from bench to desk. Design decisions would be made and imposed from above. So important is this consideration that some models of this equipment deliberately exclude the possibility of on-the-job correction.

NUMERICAL control proved to be an expensive technique. The dream had run ahead of the means, and it took two costly decades of invention and experiment, of backstitch development, to "debug" it. As a result, the first generations of N/C machinery were apparently not cost-effective. (Noble gives no figures, but they may not be readily available.) By comparison, record-playback looked a bargain, as industry (more rational than Noble gives it credit for) well understood. Noble shows that some of the biggest industrial firms, including G.E., sank good money into R-P experiments. Why, then, did numerical control win out?

Noble's answer is twofold. First, more of the old refrain. Capitalism is more interested in power than profit or production:

> The drive for total automation is promoted in the name of patriotism, competitiveness, productivity, and progress. Its twin aims, however, remain control and domination, and the extravagance of the effort is matched only by its absurdity.

Second, numerical control was backed by politics and money. The U.S. defense establishment wanted it be-

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cause it did not trust the American worker. It remembered strikes and difficulties in wartime and wanted factories that would not talk back. Only the armed forces had the money to finance this technology through the break-in period. Private enterprise was not ready to take the risk; or more accurately, was happy to let government foot the bill. In this program the military had the cooperation of university researchers and academic entrepreneurs, who saw a chance for generous funding and the prospect of lucrative jobs in private industry. Presented as the most ruthless players in this scenario are the lab tycoons of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where Noble used to teach.

UNDER the circumstances, Noble contends, record-playback and related systems never had a chance. They were too worker-centered, too democratic. (In fact, even they would have decimated the ranks of all but the most skilled.) They also suffered from being oversold: performance lagged behind the promises of over-eager inventors and manufacturers. The bulk of his text consists of a detailed narrative of abortive experiments in R-P, based in large part on private documents and personal interviews. Here, in his rescue of oral and ephemeral records, Noble makes a serious contribution to knowledge. Unfortunately his evaluation of the evidence he has so diligently collected is marred by partisanship and credulity. Failed inventors and entrepreneurs may or may not be the best witnesses to the causes of their failure, but Noble wants to believe them, and he wants us to as well.

What the book wants is a serious effort to get beyond selective quotation and examine the larger record: the changing character, cost, and performance of automated machines; their place in the larger machine pool and their distribution by branch of industry and size of firm; the earnings of operatives over time and relative to those working with conventional machines. (It is hard to believe, but in a book devoted primarily to the effect of technological change upon labor, it is impossible to find numerical data on wages and hours—only recondite references to company scales, "R-17" or "R-19" or what have you, which are not even identified as time or piece rates.) As a result, for all the pages that deal with this device and that, the reader is in no position to derive a sense of overall direction or improvement. In his stress on the early years of "bugs" and more "bugs," Noble gives the impression of a technology that not only does not work well, but really cannot work. At the same time he summons his readers to rise up against the imposition of technologies from above. He never reconciles the contradiction: if numerical control works so badly, why should any of us worry about it? It won't make it.

BUT apparently it will; indeed it has. Because of his preconceptions, Noble makes light of one of the strongest forces pushing both academic researchers and defense technicians in the direction of numerical control, namely, the opportunity to transcend human skill and produce objects of unprecedented shapes and superhuman precision. They did not want even the best worker to set the terms and limits; they wanted theory and mathematics to do it. Their goal was to go from the drawing board and computer to the production floor, to be guided by what *might* and *should be*, rather than by what *had been* and *could be*. The engineers were not always sure what they would do with such a technology; but this kind of dream is at the heart of the innovational process. Without it, a lot of improvements would never make it through the break-in stage.

So here: over the years, the start-up difficulties were rapidly resolved. Noble is not very attentive to such things as the learning curve—the falling costs that reflect new knowledge, experience, economies of scale. In electronics industries, this curve has been spectacularly steep. Computers have rapidly gotten smaller, quicker, and more reliable; programs are simpler and better; demand for automated equipment has been growing, all over the industrial world. The latest "computer numerical control" equipment can be made to pay in the small job shop as well as in mass-production giants. This is a field where new generations of equipment come fast, one hard upon the other.

It would be helpful to get a sense of the social and economic implications of these recent developments, but Noble's story ends more or less in the mid-1970s, when General Electric abandoned an experiment (the "Pilot Program") in worker control in its Lynn plant. (For history, that's all right; but as polemic, the book is out of date.) The rest is requiem, anathema, and exhortation. Noble would summon history to his aid, at the price of misreading history itself, and misunderstands economics; he assumes that the logical (proper) response to scarcities of labor is to raise wages (it is one possible response), and argues that capital-intensive, labor-saving methods were not all that important in the Industrial Revolution (while citing Marx to the contrary).

But let me not dwell on foolish consistency, that "hobgoblin of little minds." Mr. Noble has bigger concerns, and history is there for the plucking. The main point is to defeat capitalism:

> The problem is political, moral, and cultural, as is the solution: a successful challenge to a system of domination which masquerades as progress. Such a challenge will require opposition to technology in its present form—to buy time and cripple the current attack. And it will require political mobilization and vision, cultural inventiveness and rejuvenation, and a revitalization of moral confidence. But it will also require once and for all a transcendence of the irrational and infantile ideology of technological progress which has confounded Western thinking for at least two centuries—an ideology which has for too long obscured the realities of power in society, provided legitimation and cultural sanction for those who wield it, and paralyzed any and all opposition against them.

That is the way Noble puts it in this book, presumably for the general public. In an earlier article, for a more radical readership, he was more explicit: "The goal must be to gain control of, and thereafter redirect, the social process of technological development itself. And this end, of course, requires—as it contributes to—a larger transformation of the social relations of production and, thus, the eclipse of the capitalist system as a whole."

NEWS ITEM, *Wall Street Journal*, August 30, 1984:

> It appears that robots aren't welcome in the workers' paradise. Many Soviet robots are standing idly about with nowhere to go because of widespread resistance in the U.S.S.R. to new technology, the Communist Party newspaper *Pravda* said, according to a Reuter dispatch from Moscow. The unwanted automatons remain stacked in warehouses.
>
> More than 25,000 robots have been produced in the Soviet Union during the past

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three years, but output has exceeded demand because factory managers have often ignored orders to robotize production lines. The managers—apparently put off by reports that the robots aren't reliable—have installed conventional equipment instead.

The article indicated high-level concern about the slow acceptance of the new technology. The Soviet leadership is relying heavily on the rapid spread of robots and other automated equipment to modernize industries and ease a growing labor shortage.

But if some workers have their way, there'll be a robot shortage. One account said robots had to be enclosed by wire mesh in some factories to protect them from sabotage.

So much for the special evils of capitalism.

For all the problems this book poses, historians, social scientists, and technologists may still want to consult it in the future, because Noble raises important questions about the wider determinants of technological change—questions directly relevant to the challenges and tasks facing American industry today. To this end, he would be doing scholars a service by depositing his notes and tapes in some public archive, perhaps in the National Museum of American History. We still need a social history of machine tool automation.

DAVID S. LANDES

David S. Landes is the author of *Revolution in Time: Clocks and The Making of the Modern World* (Harvard University Press).

SCENES FROM A GIRLHOOD

Sarah Phillips
by Andrea Lee

(Random House, 117 pp., $12.95)

"What matters is that something—at last—has happened to me!" remarks a young traveling companion to Sarah Phillips, the eponymous narrator of this thin novel by Andrea Lee. It's hardly a startling outburst coming from a recent college graduate long numbed by the tedious business of growing up. And the opening chapter makes it clear that Sarah, taking that remark as her cue, has made something happen to her life. Late out of Harvard, black "but light-skinned . . . with a lively appetite for white boys," she is five months into a European romp which has her bouncing between Paris, the French countryside, and London. She also "plays the queen" in a loose ménage-à-quatre whose other participants are her full-time lover Henri, "an illegitimate child raised outside Paris by his mother and adopted only recently by his rich uncle," and Henri's two childhood cronies—Alain, who comes "from a large and happy petit-bourgeois family," and Roger, a student sprung "from the pettiest of petty nobility" (Sarah isn't coy about her class consciousness)—both of whom she sleeps with occasionally "in a spirit of Brüderschaft." This frolicsome but acrimonious quartet lives off Henri's rich homosexual uncle, whose proclivity for furnishing his Paris apartment "with a changing assortment of male humanity" does little to relieve an already frazzled intimacy.

Indeed, something has happened to Sarah—something light-years removed from her middle-class Philadelphia upbringing, something which would surely raise the eyebrows of her recently deceased, civil rights activist, Baptist minister father, and of her prim, once schoolmarm mother. Which presumably was the whole point of the escapade. But youthful rebellions can be a punishing business, and by the end of the first chapter Sarah clearly senses that her own binge is turning into a bore. When at the end of a bibulous lunch Henri teases that she is the offspring of a mongrel Irishwoman raped "by a jazz musician as big and black as King Kong, with sexual equipment to match," Sarah expediently concludes her Parisian spree has been "nothing more than a slight hysteria," and calls it quits. (Never mind that until then she has delighted in coaxing poor wisecracking Henri into telling her "nigger jokes.")

The balance of the narrative consists of successive flashbacks to Sarah's growing years which, though intended to justify her subsequent Parisian "hysteria," fall a bit short of the mark. By her own admission, Sarah and her peers are "the overprotected or horribly spoiled products of a comfortable suburban childhood." Like most of Reverend Phillips's parishioners, she also comes from a long line of "prosperous, conservative, and generally light-skinned" free blacks. In keeping with their middle-class circumstances, the Phillipses seem to have a penchant for conspicuous consumption. Though said to "worship thrift," mother vacations in Europe and shops at Saks, Aunt Emma exudes whiffs of Arpège, and Sunday dinners are invariably "massive" or "extravagant." Brother Matthew goes to summer camp in the Poconos while Sarah heads for Camp Grayfeather in "Wyeth Territory," Del-

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aware; and after the obligatory stints at exclusive private schools, it's Swarthmore for Matthew and Harvard for Sarah. Nothing out of character for any self-respecting affluent suburban family here. Or is there? Well, yes, sort of.

After all, the Phillipses are black, and it's the turbulent early 1960s; though close to being won, the fight for civil rights goes on as does discrimination. Through Reverend Phillips—Lee's strongest characterization apart from that of the narrator herself—we catch glimpses of The Struggle, for this spellbinding preacher, who can throw an occasional member of his mostly female flock "into fits of rapturous shrieks," is also a passionate civil rights activist. When not hectoring from his pulpit, he turns to hectoring the conscience of a refractory America from the airwaves; predictably, he also organizes boycotts and multitudinous marches.

Though she clearly idolizes him, Sarah doesn't quite know what to make of this crusading father. When he lands in an Alabama jail after a more exalted act of civil disobedience, she admits to being "privately embarrassed." When Matthew—a professed cynic at 13, who thinks nothing will come of social protest—derides her for staring "too raptly at the television" which is airing the 1963 Washington civil rights march in which her parents have joined, she confesses to coming off badly in the ensuing argument because "I wasn't sure what I really thought." And the tokenism that she experiences firsthand when she becomes the first black student to be enrolled at the exclusive Prescott School for Girls leaves her more thrilled than wretched: "It's a little like being in a play," she tells her mother "looking for a laugh"; "everyone's watching me all the time." To her credit, Lee doesn't shy from daubing the Phillipses with the brush of the very racism against which the good Reverend is constantly inveighing. When sitting with her mother in the evenings, Sarah remarks, "Daddy . . . would talk unflatteringly about negroes," and rail against their propensity "for spoiling a community." And when later in the book Matthew brings home his Jewish girlfriend for the parental once-over, it's a reverse case of *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*.

For all its insight into the little-known world of upper-class blacks, however, *Sarah Phillips* is not the novel it is touted to be, and Lee's forte lies more in the hundred-yard dash of the short story—six chapters of her book have already been published as such in *The New Yorker*—than in the intricately plotted long-distance narrative. The second chapter, in which a 10-year-old Sarah, "limp with lassitude and boredom," relates a Sunday service at New African Baptist Church, bears this out.

In a scant fifteen pages of artfully lean prose, Lee draws compelling portraits of each of the Phillipses, vividly captures the mood of the black congregation as it sits packed "in a near-visible miasma of emotion and cologne," and etches a multiplicity of minor but unfailingly haunting characters. By allowing her young narrator to peremptorily expound on the emotional interplay among her motley cast, she injects comic vigor into her story. Through Sarah's truculent and often droll refusal to submit to baptism by immersion—despite her father's ministry and the alternating entreaties and threats from a trio of well-meaning aunts—Lee comes closest to explaining Sarah's later rebellion.

Ultimately, however, *Sarah Phillips* makes for a disconcerting read. Despite its talk about rebelling against a childhood during which "civil rights and concern for the under-privileged [were] served up . . . at breakfast, lunch, and dinner," Andrea Lee never really dramatizes the dilemma. And what remain deeply troublesome sociological issues are treated tangentially, or with a tone of detachment often bordering on the sardonic. The moral and emotional conflict that should rend her narrator as she struggles between two worlds, neither of which really claims her allegiance, is never demonstrated. Instead, what Lee proves once more is that affluence is a powerful equalizer—that no matter how adept the irony, and no matter what her ethnicity, a young lady who behaves like an elitist snob and thinks like an elitist snob is an elitist snob.

LAURA OBOLENSKY

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

1982 Janine by Alasdair Gray (Viking). The desperate, diverting confessions of a sexually obsessed Scotchman. (Reviewed 11/12/84)

The Nature of the Child by Jerome Kagan (Basic Books). A challenging look at the family and its influence. (11/5/84)

The Fateful Alliance: France, Russia, and the Coming of the First World War by George Kennan (Pantheon). A grim scholarly study of political and military shortsightedness. (11/5/84)

Deadly Gambits: The Reagan Administration and the Stalemate in Nuclear Arms Control by Strobe Talbott (Knopf). A masterful account of arms control policymaking since 1981. (10/15/84)

The Crucible of Race: Black-White Relations in the American South Since Emancipation by Joel Williamson (Oxford University Press). A full-scale reconsideration of black-white relations in American history. (10/15/84)

The New Politics of Inequality by Thomas Byrne Edsall (Norton). A brilliant analysis of class, ideology, and money in politics. (10/29/84)

Solzhenitsyn: A Biography by Michael Scammell (Norton). A bold, balanced portrait of the man some hail as prophet, others denounce as fanatic. (10/15/84)

The War of the End of the World: by Mario Vargas Llosa (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). An apocalyptic vision from Peru's most important novelist. (10/8/84)

Stranger on the Square by Arthur and Cynthia Koestler (Random House). The posthumously published journals of one of the century's major intellectuals and his wife. (10/8/84)

Season of Spoils: The Story of the Reagan Administration's Attack on the Environment by Jonathan Lash, with Katherine Gillman and David Sheridan (Pantheon). A timely and persuasive account of a ruinous record. (10/1/84)

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WESTERN DIARIST

Where the Jackalope Roam

WHEN I TOLD FRIENDS I'd be spending this fall driving out West, they said either (a.) "Great, send corny postcards," or (b.) "Great—and please, no 'musing' letters or travel essays." O.K., about the postcards. Because I've been an avid collector and schlock-postcard theoretician for years, I've wasted far too much "road time" on this trip going off exit ramps in search of elusive postcard classics, such as the gigantic large-mouth bass about to devour a fisherman and his boat ("An average catch here!"); the cattle-punchers astride mammoth grasshoppers; and, of course, that most compelling creature in modern postcard art, the fabled Jackalope. "The Jackalope is among the rarest of North American animals. A cross between an Antelope and a Jackrabbit, it is extremely wild and shy, and possesses the ability to mimic. Rumor has it the creature sings at night in a voice that sounds almost human."

COLLECTION A. HEARD

ALTHOUGH I'VE BAGGED several choice Jackalope specimens, I regret to report that, overall, the corny postcard market is not good. Stuckey's, once a giant in the field, is now useless. The East as a whole is disappointing. Virginia, Arkansas . . . forget them. Tennessee . . . perhaps, but only if you like Reclining Hillbilly cartoons and Elvis/Graceland stuff. Texas is better—I found my first Jackalope there. New Mexico and Arizona are still good, but noticeably weaker than when I drove through in '76. What happened? I contend that a national wave of what I call Ziggification is to blame. In this disturbing phenomenon, good (that is, bad) local and regional postcards are replaced by nationally marketed cards featuring such boring characters as Ziggy, the Smurfs, the Care Bears, and chimps, puppies, and cats in human clothing.

I'M SORRY. I sound like Andy Rooney. But this is a serious problem. In a hotel lobby in Arkansas I see—*under glass*, as if on museum display—a great card featuring two blonde country girls, in bikinis, holding huge watermelon slices near their sternums. Classy. Very classy. I ask the proprietor, "Have you any of these for sale?" No, but they have a fine selection of chimps in business suits. And in my own home town, Garden City, Kansas, where you could once buy a card featuring a water skier on G.C.'s own World's Largest Outdoor Free Concrete Municipal Swimming Pool . . . Ziggies.

ABOUT THE BORING TRAVELOGUE writing. No need to worry. There will be none of that "surrounded by colorful arroyos, a feller can look into Mexico from the south rim of the Chicos Mountains and see into the day before yesterday and beyond" stuff coming from this hombre's typewriter. All right, yes, I toyed with the idea of a taped journal of musings and impressions. Fortunately, good sense intervened when I passed the typical East Texas scene of cattle cooling off by standing in an algae-covered ditch pond up to their eyes. Tape recorder ON. "Hm-hmm. Sighted some East Texas cattle cooling themselves off by standing in. . . ." Catch sight of self in rearview mirror. Tape recorder OFF.

WHENEVER I GO on a long road trip in warm weather, I have another idea that gets about as far as my "taped journal": camping. This time I even bring a sleeping bag and tent. During the 750-mile trip from Houston to El Paso, through the arroyo-misty-mountain-desert-fauna beauty of West Texas, I think, "Yep, tonight's the night. Save some money. Fresh air." Still, I end up in the Rustling Cactus Motor Lodge, with a twenty-five cent Vibro Bed, Shower Steam Bath, and Satellite TV. There's always a good reason, such as needing a Wake-up Call. But this time I'm serious. Really. I was planning to camp in Balmorhea State Park, *even after* I saw a tarantula crossing Interstate 10. Unfortunately, a quick check of my supplies showed I didn't have enough aluminum foil to encase my body completely, so I had to engage a room.

SO FAR I'VE DRIVEN over 3,000 miles with an AM radio that only seems to pick up Country stations. To many people, this is a horrible thought—they must have tapes, or, at the very least, FM. But AM has "regional flavor" advantages. Though most Country Crossover lyrics are bland, you occasionally hear some that really "sing." Example: "There ain't never been a pill that'll give you a thrill like a big bass jumpin' on your line." Near Texarkana, Texas, I heard an ad for a Chili Supper "with awwwwwwllll the trimmings: crackers, chips, tea." Best are the religious call-in shows. On one, heard near Houston, the evangelist host had received a recorded message on his answering machine from an angry caller. "Now, this caller, an English gentleman, says, 'You effing Americans!' " the evangelist explained. "I won't say the word on the air—you know what it is. 'You can't even pronounce Celtic properly. It's *Kel*-tic! You say *Sell*-tic!' Well, my friend, I think you know a bit more than you're letting on, because *Kel*-tic, with the hard C, is the pronunciation used in witchcraft, in black-magic sorcery, and I think you know that, because only people versed in witchcraft know that pronunciation, my friend. The soft C is the anglicized Christian version." Complete misinformation, of course; *everybody* knows it was the Druids—themselves witches—who, after winning the Glorious Revolution using their famous "flying phalanx" military formation, decreed the new pronunciation when they ran England (under a system called "The Protectorate") from 1660 on. I just wish I had been near a telephone.

ALEX HEARD

Alex Heard has written humorous pieces for TNR, *The New Yorker*, and other magazines. He is now traveling in Texas, Arizona, and California.

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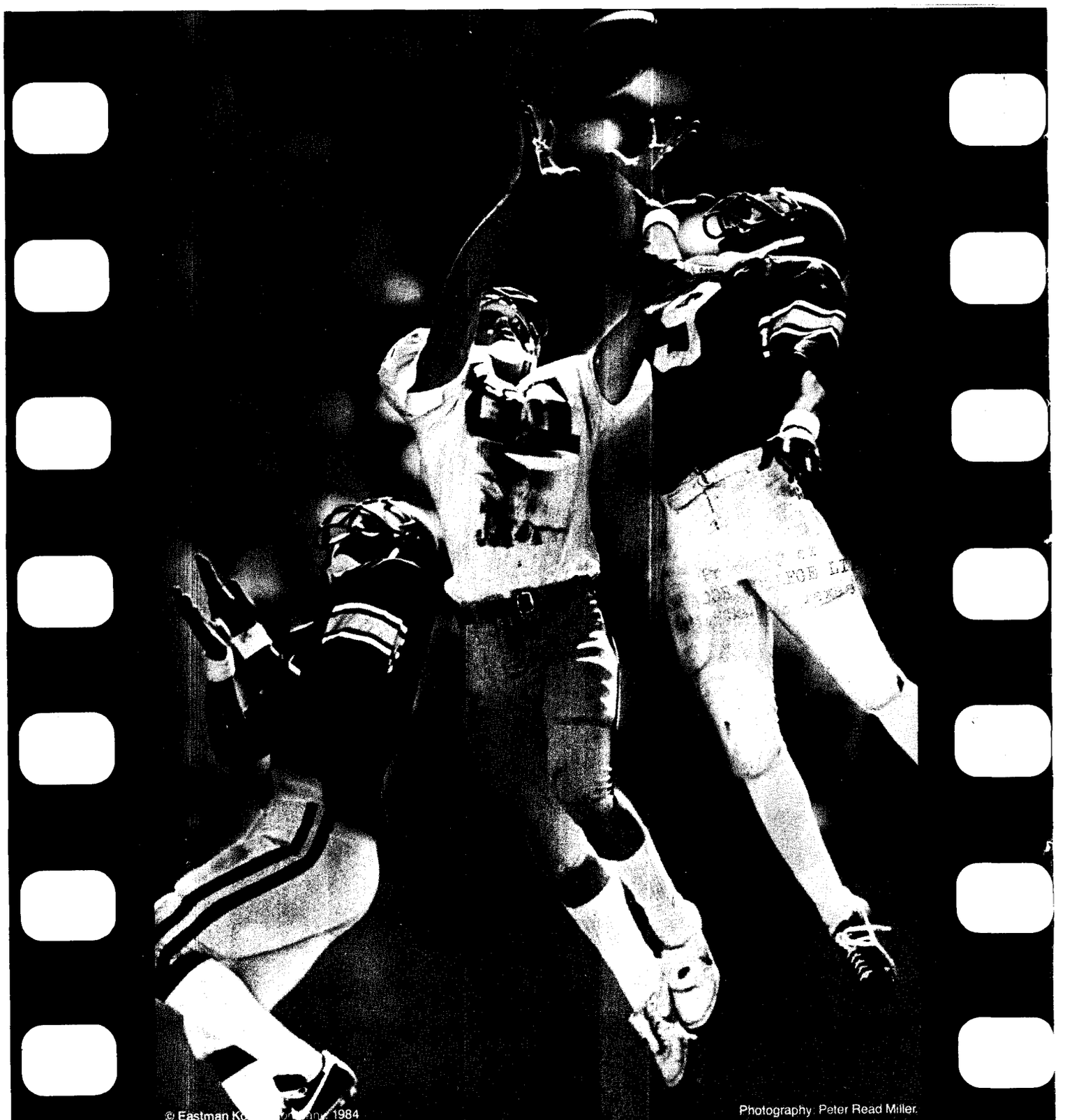

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